

Children's Newspaper, April 16, 1927

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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A GREAT CROWD OF PEOPLE RUNNING

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TOM COMES HOME

A VOYAGE ACROSS THE WORLD AND BACK

Extraordinary Tale of a
Stowaway

WHAT ABOUT IT?

Not many stowaways have tails as well as tales. Mr. George Hirste of Liverpool vouches for the facts about the stowaway whose adventures we now relate.

As a rule we do not approve of stowaways, but this one is less to blame than most, for he had no opportunity of paying for his passage or signing on as a sailor in the ordinary way.

Mr. Hirste was voyaging to Australia, and the ship was a few days out from London when a terrified tom-cat made his appearance. No one had seen him before, so it was clear to everyone that he had "stowed away" while the ship was in dock.

"You wait till we touch port," said the bosun, "he'll be ashore like lightning."

A Popular Stowaway

Meanwhile the stowaway was not put in irons, but was fed and petted till he lost something of his terror at his strange surroundings. He appeared to be a cat from a good home, for if he had come aboard hungry the next few days of starvation would have killed him. Evidently curiosity had led him on board. He had got frightened, had hidden himself, and after several days he had been driven out by hunger.

The vessel touched at Melbourne, Sydney, Wellington, and the Bluff in New Zealand, but the bosun's prophecy was not fulfilled, for the cat did not try to land. On the homeward voyage they stopped at Hamburg and Hull, but still Tom stuck to the ship. Evidently, thought the sailors, he has chosen a life on the rolling waves for good.

At last the lights of London came in sight, and the ship steamed up the Thames, followed by the gulls, and slid into her old dock. Directly she was moored Pussy went over the side and the ship knew him no more.

How Did He Know?

What happened next? Surely he dashed down familiar streets to his old home and mewed pitifully till they opened the door.

"Why, it's old Tom come back!" we can hear someone saying. "Where have you been?"

"Round the world," Tom might have said, as he walked across to the corner where they usually put his saucer of milk every day.

How did Tom know that he had reached the right port at last? Perhaps he was a Cockney, and loved dear, grimy London so much that he could not mistake the docks of any other city for hers. So, in spite of being heartily sick of the sea, he would not go on shore till he got—Home.

An Ostrich Greets the World



Ostriches are kept on farms just like domestic fowls, not only in South Africa, but also in America, and here we see a young ostrich that has just put his head out of the shell greeting the world and his little owner for the first time. Ostriches are kept for their feathers, which are gathered season by season, and for which there is today an increasing demand

THE WONDERFUL SEE-SAW

THERE is new hope for elderly people to whom the years have brought the threat of that approaching blindness which is called glaucoma. The threat is removed at the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital by a circular saw.

How terrifying that sounds! A circular steel saw biting its way through the trunk of a tree as if it were butter is a most alarming thing. It shrieks like a thing possessed if, as sometimes happens, there is a flaw in the steel and the huge disc cracks; its fragments are whirled through the roof of the workshop, and would cut in half anyone or anything that stood in their path.

And is this the kind of instrument to be applied to the eye, that most delicate thing known to man, so sensitive that a speck of coal-dust or steely grit flying into it will bring anguish in its train?

The instrument is the same in shape, but it is very different in size. It is no bigger than a small silver coin, and it is spun by the fingers of a clever surgeon. He operates the little saw so that it cuts

swiftly but lightly into the eye just where the black spot in the middle meets the coloured iris of blue or brown or grey. It is when the pressure here has become too great that glaucoma threatens. The tiny spinning saw's task is to cut away a disc of the eye to relieve the pressure.

Such an operation is one demanding wondrous delicacy on the part of the surgeon. His circular saw must not cut in too far. On the other hand, it must cut far enough to enable a disc a twentieth of an inch in diameter to be removed. That is just enough to relieve the pressure on the nerves of sight.

The patient does not need chloroform, but only something to make the eye less sensitive and keep it still. So delicate is the surgeon's handling of his saw that there is no pain. If the patient says Oh! on feeling a slight prick that is a signal to the surgeon that the saw has gone just deep enough.

Last year this wonderful surgical saw relieved more than seventy cases of advancing glaucoma.

ROBES OF A LOST MONARCHY

MADE FROM LOST BIRDS

The Precious Heirlooms of the
People of Hawaii

FIFTY FOUND IN BRITAIN

Some time ago the C.N. drew attention to the work of Mr. Robert Parker Lewis, who came from far-away Hawaii on a mission connected with the Honolulu Museum.

In olden days the princes of Hawaii wore beautiful cloaks made of feathers, and it was known that many European voyagers had taken these royal garments back as tokens of some Hawaiian chief's friendship.

These cloaks were made from the feathers of lovely jewel-like little birds with the queer names of iwi and oo, but they are now extinct, so the cloaks can never be made again. They were made from extinct birds for a monarchy which is now extinct.

Where the Cloaks May Be Seen

The patterns of the cloaks are very fine, and sometimes three generations worked to complete one cloak. Therefore the Hawaiians regard these cloaks as Old Masters, and are as anxious to know where they are now kept as an Italian would be to trace lost pictures by Raphael. Each cloak has a different pattern and is a masterpiece of patient workmanship.

Many C.N. readers wrote to give information about the existence of Hawaiian cloaks, and we are sure they will be interested to know the result of Mr. Lewis's researches. As he came to see the Editor, we are now able to give them first-hand information on the subject.

He has located 75 cloaks in Europe, and 50 of them are in Great Britain. Specimens are to be seen in the British Museum, the Royal Scottish Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the museums of Hastings, Cambridge, Norwich Castle, Ipswich, Saffron Walden, Maidstone, Dover, St. Augustine's College (Canterbury), Newcastle, Elgin, Liverpool, Belfast, and Dublin.

Insured for £10,000

It is said that Lady Brassey, who presented a feather cloak to Hastings Museum, insured it for £10,000; but the most beautiful specimen in the world belongs to the owner of a famous Scottish castle. It is over fifteen feet round the lower hem, so it must have belonged to a very great man, for the greater the king the bigger his cloak.

Mr. Lewis is very pleased with the result of his researches. He will be able to tell the Hawaiians that the work of their ancestors is properly appreciated in Europe, and that the cloaks still remaining in private ownership belong to people who take care of them as precious heirlooms.

NEW SONS OF ANAK

A WAIL FROM THE MEN OF MIGHT

The Long Fellows and Broad Fellows of Today and Yesterday

MORE ELBOW ROOM

Giants are feeble and afflicted today. They have fallen, like the sons of Anak in the Bible.

The Israelites whom Moses led were terrified of the warlike giants, the Anakims, sons of Anak; and until mechanical transport and the general peopling of America by a population of standard middle-sized stature the huge men of the prairies, the mines, the ranches, were kings among modern men.

But the sons of Anak were dispossessed by Joshua, turned out of their last stronghold by Caleb, and history knows them no more. Now the huge modern men have been finding themselves deprived of their horses, cramped in motor-cars too small for them, pinched and compressed in seats in public places where they cannot stretch their legs or coil them up, and generally overcrowded by the men and women of normal size.

A League of Giants

So, mindful of the fate of the sons of Anak, the physically big men of the United States are banding themselves together for mutual protection and defence. The movement started in Kansas and is spreading, under the title of the League of Longfellows. All they ask for is elbow room and leg room, cars, seats, pews, chairs, clothes, and hats fitted to the dimensions of men worthy to rank physically as Longfellows.

They may succeed in their aim, for union is strength, especially among giants. But they may be thankful that they did not live two centuries ago, or farther back in the misty ages of Greece in which Plutarch launches his opening chapters. In the later age Frederick, King of Prussia, father of Frederick called the Great, had all the tallest men kidnapped, bought, bribed, or smuggled for his regiment of giants.

The Most Terrible Robber

Giants were his passion. He starved his Court to buy giants for his army. As Macaulay tells us, every country was ransacked by his agents to find men above the ordinary stature.

But in the period of which Plutarch writes there lived the most terrible robber of all time, Procrustes, whose evil name lives for ever in the dreadful phrase "Procrustean bed." Procrustes fastened all his victims in turn to a single bed. If they were too short to fill it from head to foot their limbs were stretched till they did fit. If they were too long and their limbs protruded beyond the bed the limbs were cut down. How Procrustes was himself slain by Theseus is one of the great stories, half myth, half history, of classical days.

Changes of Fashion

Physical proportions form a subject cropping up in unexpected places in actual history. There still survives the Latin record of how in the age of the Caesars the width of the seat upon the tribunal, before which Paul was tried had to be increased in consequence of a change of fashion among the Roman ladies of the period.

Who would expect to find anything of the sort in connection with Handel's Messiah? Yet after its first production in Dublin the work drew a rapturous audience on the second night, and the Irish ladies consented to change their monstrous hooped skirts for slimmer ones, so enabling an extra two hundred people to be present at the concert.

But the big men of America can hardly divest themselves of limbs; hence their appeal for consideration and their League of Longfellows.

PARLIAMENT AND THE BIRDS

A BILL TO PROTECT THEM
Some of the Things it Proposes To Do

STOPPING THE AEROPLANE HUNTERS

Because Englishmen have always loved wild birds and wanted to protect them our wild birds are unprotected.

It sounds absurd, but the explanation is simple. There has been a mass of legislation in the past which has been so complicated and various that no one understood it or obeyed it. Therefore it is desirable that a new Bill should be introduced which should sum up and simplify the bird protection laws of the past.

The Classes of Birds

The new measure would protect British birds graded into three categories according to their rarity. No bird must be killed during the breeding season, the eggs of birds in Class 2 must not be taken, and the rarest birds of all must neither be killed at any time nor robbed of their eggs. It will stop the sale of plovers' eggs, for which the C.N. has so often pleaded, and will put an end to the savage chasing of birds by aeroplanes, of which the C.N. has had to complain.

The use of springs, gins, traps, motor-boats, or aircraft in the taking of birds is forbidden, and no person must take birds alive for sale unless he has a licence.

The Lark Not Protected

No one is against the spirit of the Bill; however much Members of Parliament might differ in politics, they are all agreed in loving wild birds. But some M.P.s think the Bill does not improve on the nine statutes made by bird lovers in the past. Many people would like to see the traffic in wild birds stopped altogether instead of being restricted to men with licences. Others would like to see foreign birds protected when they come to England; at present only British-born birds are on the list of rarities which must never be killed. M.P.s of all parties are unanimous in protesting because the lark is not upon the list of birds that must never be killed or robbed, and his name must be added in committee.

Where Politicians Have Failed

To sum up, the Bill protects wild birds from collectors, but not fully from sportsmen or dealers. Its second reading was agreed to without a division, and it is likely to become law. Doubtless it could be improved upon, but it is better than nothing.

Let us hope that public opinion will soon do what politicians have yet failed to do, and forbid the caging of wild birds. Imprisonment is worse than death to a wild winged creature, and it is cruel to keep a captive lark.

ON GUARD

The Travels of a Railwayman

A Lausanne railway guard has been making some interesting notes from a diary he has kept of the journeys he has made during 32 years of service.

He has travelled 1,552,482 miles in passenger trains and 316,518 miles in goods trains, making in all a total of 1,869,000 miles, equal to 76 times round the world.

He has had 1889 days of holidays, with 118 days of illness caused by accident and 155 days of other illnesses, making a total of 273 days of illness. He has passed through the longest tunnel in the world, the Simplon, 1214 times.

We must all admit that these are eloquent figures, and they bear witness to the immense achievements of those who manage our trains.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE WICKED PRINCE

A FAIRY TALE OF REAL LIFE

Lost Princess Who Rules a Hospital Built in Her Memory

A STOLEN BABY

Here is another story to prove that truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

A little girl was born in the home of a prince in a small European State. It was not a very happy home. The prince seems to have been a domineering man, allowing nothing to stand in his way. He had it in his heart to look on his wife as an enemy, perhaps because of the inheritance which he knew would pass from her to her daughter.

One morning the mother awoke to a clamour in the house. Her baby girl had disappeared in the night, without a sound. The whole neighbourhood was searched. Days ran into weeks, and still no news came of the lost baby.

In an English Orphanage

The unhappy mother employed every means possible, but could in no way learn anything. The loss of her child was as complete as if the earth had opened and swallowed her. As the years went on she tried to forget her own sorrows in thinking of the sorrows of others, but she never gave up the search.

And all the time her little girl was growing up in England, in a small orphanage where she had been secretly sent by her father, the prince. She knew nothing about herself, and was allowed to think she was an orphan. Any questions she put concerning her parentage were successfully evaded by the lady of the orphanage. She became to all intents and purposes an ordinary English schoolgirl, but with streaks of determination and blind self-will which would have reminded anyone of her father had he been known.

The Truth Leaks Out

When the girl in the orphanage was fifteen the mother died. She died still ignorant as to whether her child were alive or dead. During the last years of her life she had worked a good deal for others. The toil that lay nearest her heart was the founding of a home for orphaned and deserted little children. It was housed in a magnificent building, and the princess dedicated it to the memory of her own lost child.

One day there came a great surprise for the girl fast growing up into womanhood in England. She learned that she was not an orphan, that her father was a prince, that she was an heiress to some extent; she also learned the story of the stolen baby. It appeared that the father now wished to claim his daughter.

The girl was shrewd enough. She guessed that this extraordinary parent would not have wanted her had it not been that he might have some hold on her possessions. She had no desire to see him or to know him. It was her poignant sorrow that she had not learned her story in time to see her mother before she died.

The End of the Story

She laid her own plans and ran away from the orphanage. Fortune was good to her, and she presently made her way safely to Paris. There she had some friends, and through them she succeeded in training as a nurse in the home which had been founded in her own memory.

The wicked prince, as in the true manner of fairy tales, had now no further hold on the daughter he had wronged. The princess lived some happy years in the home, and was married, and now she is one of the chief directors of the institution. She told something of her story the other day to Lady Aberdeen, who, as president of the International Council of Women, chanced to visit the home.

THE WORLD THAT IS PASSING AWAY

In London the Day Before Yesterday

By a Little Fellow Grown Up

The splendid house in Portland Place which was once, as the home of the Chinese Legation in the palmy days of the tyrannous Empress and her brilliant and crafty henchman Li Hung Chang, the scene of lavish entertainment, is almost deserted in these days of conflicting republics.

Nevertheless, at least one man of nearly forty remembers the days when, as a small boy he used to see the secretaries and counsellors of China's diplomatic corps walking in Regent's Park attired in beautiful silken robes, great mandarins who loved the little foreign children, and always provided themselves with huge bags of oranges when they sat on the seats in the park.

A Polite Refusal

The method of procedure was simple. You walked up solemnly and politely, and said "Good morning, Mr. Chinaman!" raising your hat and standing up stiffly like a man, and although Chinaman is not really a polite term and we should all say Chinese, how were you to know that? So the grave reply would come, "Good morning, little boy," delivered without the suspicion of patronage; and then the bag was offered.

At first, of course, you refused, but there was no danger in the refusal, for the bag was offered again, with an encouraging smile, and how could you be so rude as to refuse a second time? So you took your orange, and one for your smaller brother if he were not with you that day, and off you went, secure in the knowledge that there would be another bag tomorrow. And perhaps, later in the day, after lunch, you might see your silken-clad, pigtailed, kindly mandarin again, and this time you would suggest "Let's go and speak to the Chinamen," without any thought of oranges or any other base motive, but just because you liked them and thought they liked you.

THINGS SAID

Drop your ticket in here.

Inscription on a bus box in Hungary

God intended us to be happy.

Canon Donaldson

Strikes are like war—both sides lose.

Mr. Philip Snowden

Fresh air, and may it become more so.

Austrian Anti-Tobacco Motto

The present generation of young women will go bald.

Dr. Leonard Williams

If you want to be happy don't read the modern novel.

Dr. Sidney Berry

You are going to sleep. Please get up and shake yourselves.

Bishop of Pretoria at a missionary meeting.

Captain Cook's second in command was a direct ancestor of my wife.

Lord Birkenhead

I advise everybody to mix total abstinence with their religion.

Sir Walter Runciman

It is worth a little effort to keep our language pure.

High Commissioner for New Zealand

Human ingenuity cannot conceive the great undeveloped markets of the world.

Mr. Philip Snowden

Any landlord of houses in which the windows will not open should be prosecuted.

Dr. H. L. Flint

The public is reminded that drinking water can be had here without question or charge.

A Southern Railway refreshment room

REMEMBERED AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS

THE MONK AND THE POET

A Good Turn for Travellers
in the Long Ago

A FRIEND OF CAESAR

The world does not always forget. It is worth while to note two birthdays it has lately remembered, one after a thousand and the other after two thousand years.

Tom Hood described fame as a resurrection in the minds of men, and these two birthdays are interesting examples of it. They are the thousandth anniversary of the birth of St. Bernard of Menthon, near Annecy in the Alps, and the two-thousandth anniversary of the birth of Virgil, the Roman poet.

St. Bernard of Menthon was an ordinary monk who did well one thing which needed doing. A good man of good family, he joined the Church and spent his life modestly in the inhospitable Alps, near one of the mountain passes by which pilgrims crossed on their way to Rome. The difficulties and dangers were always before his eyes. So on the summit of Mount St. Bernard Pass he founded two houses for travellers.

The Deserted Pass

It was a most helpful deed, and right well have the Augustinian monks to whom the care of the rest-houses was committed fulfilled their part for nearly a thousand years. That kindly thought, so faithfully sustained by others, has preserved Bernard's memory for something like ten centuries.

It may preserve it for ten centuries more, but that is doubtful, for few, if any, and certainly no pilgrims, will be going over the pass in winter in the future. The way now is either through the heart of the mountains or over them in the air, and the danger and romance of the old-time passage are gone. Here is a long fame for one very simple good deed, which every traveller when mountains were a terror could appreciate.

The contrast of the way in which Virgil won his 2000 years of fame, and will preserve it with certainty for another 2000 years, is striking.

How Virgil Won Fame

Virgil won his fame by being the poet who, above all other writers, has preserved for us, in some of the world's most finished literature, the very essence of the spirit of ancient Rome at the time when Rome had reached the summit of her greatness.

If we would understand Rome ideally we must know Virgil. Born a poet, and becoming a friend of Augustus Caesar, he lived, like Milton 1600 years after, to make himself worthy of mankind's admiration as a poet. In his own day he was recognised as the man who would represent Rome to the world for all time.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Complete set of Wheatley's Cries	£1585
Pair of Queen Anne bookcases	£1050
Sir T. Picton's sword and medals	£675
A portrait by T. Hudson	£609
Nine Chippendale armchairs	£525
Madonna by J. Van Cleve	£336
A letter of Dr. Johnson	£180
New Arabian Nights by R. L. S.	£110
Dickens's Christmas Carol, 1st ed.	£72
A Charles II carved mirror	£48
A letter of Kipling	£46
A Royal Proclamation of 1674	£46

GERMAN SCOUTS IN CAMP



Waiting for the cooks to make coffee



The bugler sounding a call



One of the boys being tossed in the air

The Boy Scout movement, though English in its origin, is gaining great popularity in Germany, where the training and costume are practically the same as we find in England. In these pictures we see how a Berlin troop took advantage of this year's first spell of fine weather to enjoy a camping holiday in the woods

THE I.R.U.

FIRST-AID IN GREAT DISASTERS

One More Good Thing Comes
from the League

GENEVA READY FOR EMERGENCIES

In far-away Japan people are still suffering from the effects of another terrible earthquake. Many lives have been lost, houses are in ruins, and men, women, and children are homeless.

Until science can teach us to predict the coming of earthquakes some people will always be in danger of losing life and all that belongs to them through these sudden catastrophes, and it is good to know that within a very short time there will be at work a world-wide society for giving immediate first-aid on such occasions.

30 Governments Join

There are plenty of generous people only too willing to help with what money they can spare, but while it is being collected time passes, and it is in just those first hours and days that the stricken people suffer most. Societies in the district come to their aid, but often they have not enough money to do what they would.

It is to draw together the work of these societies, to provide immediate money, and to guide the spending of it, that this new world-wide society, called the International Relief Union, is being formed. The President of the Italian Red Cross was the first to think of it, and he placed his idea before the Assembly of the League of Nations so that all countries might consider it. More than thirty Governments have agreed to join the Union, and this summer they are to meet to make final arrangements and to start it. They will divide up the world into areas, and in each area experts will be appointed to organise immediate relief when a disaster occurs.

A Common Fund

If the Union had been in existence when the last earthquake took place in Japan the experts in the Japanese area would have been promptly on the spot, knowing exactly what to do because it would have been their business to think it out beforehand. They would have had money to use at once from the funds of the Union, and would have guided the work of the local Red Cross and other societies to ensure efficiency and prevent overlapping. They would have been able to rush helpers and supplies to the spot from other parts of the country without delay or expense, because Governments joining the Union agree to do that. They would have been able to make appeals in all their papers and collect subscriptions.

When the Union is started its world committee will form a centre at which funds may be collected; money arriving after the immediate need for it is past would replace that used for first-aid, and so would be in readiness for the next disaster. The Headquarters are to be those of the International Red Cross, two members of which will have seats on the committee.

MORE AND MORE GUIDES Growing at a Thousand a Week

The Girl Guide movement is growing at a very rapid rate.

Its members in the British Isles alone now number over 400,000, an increase of more than 30,000 in the last year. Branches abroad bring the numbers up to over 670,000, an increase of 60,000.

There are 17,000 wearers of child nurse badges, and domestic service badges have been won by nearly 20,000 Guides.

DYING WITH HIS PEOPLE

THE DRAMATIC PASSING OF AN ARAB SHEIK

Pathos of a Story of the Great War in the Desert

WHAT AN ENGLISHMAN SAW

Colonel Lawrence has told us many wonderful stories of Arabia. One of them, told in his new book, ought never to be forgotten.

It happened while he was organising the desert war which he hoped was to free the Arabs from Turkish rule. The bloodshed and horror of this war were all the worse because so many peaceful villagers were rendered homeless and friendless by the Turks.

Lawrence and his friends came on such a village through which the Turks had just passed. It happened that the sheik whose people the villagers were was in the Englishman's company.

Noble in His Grief

As the Arabs rode into the village with Lawrence at the head they saw women and children dying on the ground, the settlement a ruin, with not a living person left in that scene of desolation. The village lay on a slight upland, and away down the slope and across a hollow the Englishman and his friends could see the triumphant retreating army of the Turks.

It was terrible enough for them. For the Arab sheik it was infinitely worse. They were his people who lay there slain. He looked on the mass of ruins which an hour before had been a happy village, with children playing in the sun and women busy in their huts, and his heart turned over within him. He sat staring from point to point, and moaned in pain as if he himself, instead of his people, had received the wounds.

He rode to a little hill where he could survey the land about, and in his face, made noble and dignified by intense grief, there was the look of one who is bereaved of his beloved. He seemed like a stricken animal, and sat shivering in the saddle. His eyes were on the retreating Turks. The Englishman thought he would go and speak to him, but a wise Arab pulled him back.

A Mighty Shout

Lawrence sat still on his horse, watching with his men. They saw the sheik slowly draw his head-cloth about his face, as if to hide himself from the world and die there and then of grief of soul. Then a thought seemed to strike him.

His friends saw him suddenly shake up his mare and go off at a stiff pace. The mare gathered speed and tore down the slope, following the Turkish army. The watchers saw him become a small figure in the valley. Then, when he was within hail of the enemy, they heard in the still air a mighty shout.

It was the sheik's war-cry, and he thundered it aloud as a god on Olympus might have thundered.

The Turks turned and saw him. They heard his tremendous shout. He cried out his name that they might know him. Instantly they pointed their rifles and machine-guns at him, and the watchers in the village saw him fall, pierced many times through. He had died with his people rather than live without them.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Balearic	Bal-e-ar-ik
Bellini	Bel-le-ne
Giorgione	Jor-jo-ne
Plutarch	Ploo-tark
Procrustes	Pro-krus-teez
Tarahumare	Tah-rah-hoo-mar
Zimbabwe	Zeem-bahb-way

THE IRON MASK MAN

One of History's Best Kept Secrets

A TRAGIC REALITY

Twice has the Man in the Iron Mask been brought back to memory in the last few months.

Not long ago there was much anger expressed by people living near Cannes because the French Government announced its intention of selling St. Margaret's Isle, where the masked man was imprisoned.

The Man in the Iron Mask is one of the great mysteries of the past. He lived at the end of the seventeenth century, when there was no justice or liberty in France for a man who offended the king. A *lettre de cachet* would consign him to a dungeon for ever without trial. In those fearful days a masked prisoner was brought to the fortress on St. Margaret's Isle, a mile and a half from Cannes. He was imprisoned in a large room with walls twelve feet thick, and the only window was guarded by a triple grating. No one is known to have seen him unmasked, and no one was able to discover who he was.

A Mask of Black Velvet

Of course everyone was convinced that he was an important political prisoner, perhaps the rightful heir to a throne! Many historians have tried to solve the mystery, but no proof of the prisoner's identity has been discovered and only one fact has emerged: the iron mask is a legend; it was really of black velvet.

We know that the tragic prisoner was one day taken to the Bastille and that he died there in 1703, but not till now have we been able to confirm the fact with our own eyes.

The old register of the Bastille has just been placed on exhibition at the French National Library, and there we may read how the masked prisoner was taken to the Bastille on September 18, 1698. On November 19, 1703, it is recorded: "The unknown prisoner, still covered by a mask of black velvet, died at ten o'clock this evening."

The masked prisoner is no legend. He is a tragic reality, and his name is one of the best kept secrets in history.

A TALE OF A MONKEY'S TAIL

Breaking it at the Zoo

Two little capuchin monkeys at the Zoo have brought disgrace upon themselves by assaulting a green monkey which occupied the next cage to theirs.

The capuchins are lively South Americans, while the green monkey, which comes from Africa, evidently resented the presence of the capuchins. However, although there was considerable ill-feeling between the neighbours, no serious quarrel took place until the green monkey was foolish enough to turn his back on his enemies and let his tail stick through the bars of the cage.

This was too much for the capuchins, and, seizing the tail, they deliberately broke it, and then ran away to a far corner of their home, where their victim could not reach them. The unfortunate incident was discovered, and the green monkey was rushed to the Zoo's hospital, where his tail was first frozen and then amputated above the break. He is feeling none the worse for his adventure, and the wound is healing nicely, but as he now has only a three-inch stump instead of a fine long tail his balance is affected when jumping.

Amputating a monkey's tail is not a rare operation at the Zoo, and as long as the patient is good, as the green monkey was, all is well.

THE HUMAN RUINS OF THE WAR

Where Our Hard-Earned Money Goes

Stately monuments all over our land bear witness to the honour in which we hold the million dead who gave their lives in the Great War.

We have less visible tributes to the half-million who lived on, the disabled wreckage of war, and the other half-million dependants of the men who are gone, whom it is our privilege to preserve from want.

But to these we have paid since the war pensions were started over 725 million pounds, which means that on an average every household in the land has contributed somewhere about £80. The numbers needing our help grow fewer every year, but even now we are paying 64 millions a year for our ruined men.

Though the Pensions Ministry is the greatest of all our spending departments now, it is good to know that it is well managed. In 1920 out of every pound voted to the Pensions Ministry 1s. 3d. went in the costs of distribution, inquiry, and so on, but today these costs have been reduced to sevenpence, surely a remarkable achievement.

NEW KINDS OF OLD MONUMENTS

Discoveries in Minorca

Mr. Frederick Chamberlin has made some remarkable discoveries relating to prehistoric times in Minorca, in the Balearic Islands.

Minorca is very rich in vestiges of ancient man, among them being great mounds of uncemented stones, from 20 to 30 feet high and narrower at the top than at the base, which are supposed to have been used in funeral ceremonies.

Another class of monument discovered is made of two stones, one upright in the ground with the other laid on the top. These were probably used for sacrifices.

A third class is represented by long, low, mound-like monuments built of large stones and shaped like an overturned boat, with flattened stern and rounded bow. These objects are certainly tombs.

Mr. Chamberlin believes that the builders of all these structures, which are unique, no monuments like them having been found before, belonged to a race of people living in caves.

Unfortunately, the structures described by Mr. Chamberlin are being destroyed to make roads and private dwellings, but it is hoped something will be saved.

HELP FROM THE CLOUDS

Relief for an Isolated Town

The little town of Silverton, nestling among the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, had been isolated for four weeks by heavy snow when mails, newspapers, and stores made a sudden and unexpected appearance from the clouds.

The Colorado National Guard wanted practice in carrying relief by air, so it decided to take Silverton its letters and papers and some medical stores which had been accumulating at Denver. The highest mountain chain in the State, the Continental Divide, as it is called there, had to be crossed during the 200-mile flight, and so it was from a great height that the aeroplane swept down on the town. It was greeted by loud cheers from the people and by the hooting of the town siren.

But no safe landing-spot was to be found, for the baseball field, the largest level place in the town, was under many feet of snow. The cargo was therefore dropped overboard piecemeal into a snowdrift, and the relief expedition swung round, climbed the heavens once more, and disappeared over the Divide.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF CHARING CROSS

TIER ON TIER OF TRAFFIC

What the World's Most Famous Junction Would Be Like

A SLICE OF TRAFFIC HISTORY

An Englishman looking at Charing Cross Station from the Thames can hardly see it for the ugly bridge; looking at it from the Strand he can hardly see it for the buses; and looking at it from the inside he can hardly see it for despair at its crowded ugliness.

Yet this is the station of which it has been said that anybody waiting here long enough will be sure to meet whoever he seeks, because everybody comes to Charing Cross sooner or later.

At last there seems some hope that this meeting-place of the British people may be made worthy of a great city and a great nation. There is a hope that the recommendations of the Royal Commission on London's Bridges will be heeded. If that hope be realised many things may happen.

Like the Decks of a Liner

That awful railway bridge, the dragon of Charing Cross, as we have called it, may go, to be replaced by a noble structure with one deck above another, the top deck for a road and its vehicles, the lower one for the trains.

The station will go, and will be replaced by—what? It will be replaced by a vast building covering seven acres, and built as the superstructure of a number of deck levels.

On a liner there is the top deck of all, where the captain's cabin stands aloof. Then there is the boat deck; below it the saloon deck, with another deck below that, and inside the ship lower and lower decks down into the bowels of the vessel.

The great new seven-acre block at Charing Cross will be like that, with one deck rising on another. Lowest of all will be the deck of the Tube railways; above it the Underground railway deck; above that again the level of the Embankment, with its trams and cars. These levels already exist, and to them we may now add the levels of the present railway and of the Strand traffic. When the double-decked bridge is built two more levels will be added, and when, in the future, the aeroplane can alight safely in a small space the whole of these levels will have a roof for aeroplane landings.

Seven Wonders of Transport

Thus the Charing Cross Junction of the future, the largest traffic building in the world, will house the arrivals and departures, on seven levels, of steam train and tube train, of omnibus and car, of foot passenger and taxicab, of river boat and aeroplane. It will be like a slice of traffic history, a sort of seven wonders of transport.

From this new Charing Cross the passenger will be able to take a taxicab to Oxford Circus, a bus to the Zoo, the Tube to Golders Green, the Underground to Kew, the higher-level suburban train to the Crystal Palace, or the long-distance train to Dover, a boat to Ostend, or an aeroplane to Bagdad.

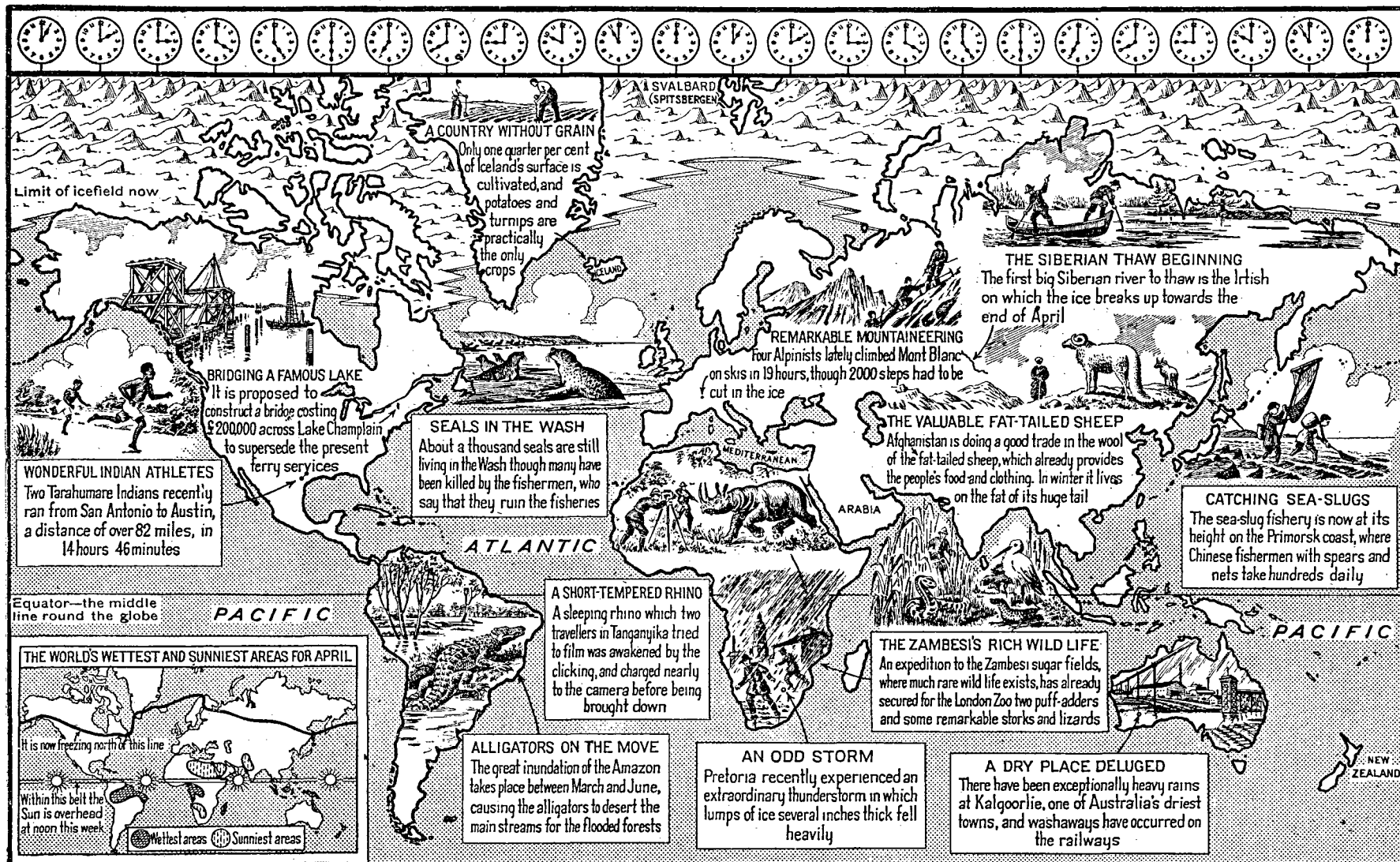
Truly a modern wonder of the world our old Charing Cross is going to be.

VERY ODD

It is odd to read that the second largest customer of the Gas Light and Coke Company is the General Electric Company, whose business it is to teach people to use electricity instead of gas!

Lyons is the largest customer of all, with a gas bill of over a hundred thousand pounds a year.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



BACK TO THE STAGE COACH

The Non-Stop Bus THE RAILWAY HAS A NEW RIVAL

It was a great day in the history of travel in England when the Flying Coach first began to ply between London and Manchester, doing the journey in four days and a half.

That was when George the Second was king. It meant a rate of 42 miles a day. As the roads improved eight miles an hour became the standard, and after fifty years twelve miles was the normal speed. Then came the railway, and the day of the stage coach seemed gone for ever. Yet now comes the news that a new road service is to be started! At 8, 9, and 10 o'clock each morning, and at 3, 4, and 5 o'clock each afternoon a new kind of stage coach will leave London for Manchester, and will do the 190 miles in seven hours without stopping at any town on the way.

It is a six-wheeled, single-decker saloon bus, and the wonderful thing is that it will cost less to go by one of these new stage coaches than by train! Services are in prospect to Southampton, and even to Aberdeen.

THE LAND YOU MUST NOT LEAVE

Italy has been described as the land you must not leave. For some of its citizens to attempt to leave it is an offence in the eyes of its Dictator.

Signor Terrero, a distinguished historian, has been invited to visit America to give lectures, but he has been refused a passport by the Italian Government. It was feared he would say things about Fascist rule Mussolini would not like.

He could scarcely have said worse things about it than the Government has said of itself to America by its fear of giving free speech to one of Italy's great patriots.

A SUBMARINE LIGHTS A COLLEGE

Life in Place of Death

A C.N. contributor was shown the other day a wonderful lighting installation which provides electricity for Loughborough College, a college which turns out hundreds of engineering students every year for our big factories.

The Government made a present of the oil engines, the electric generators and accumulators of a big German submarine lying off the South Coast, and a young army of students took the machinery out of the vessel and, after it had been transported to Loughborough, re-erected it in one of the college buildings. It is difficult to realise that this huge installation was actually contained in a submarine vessel. It will, however, give more than sufficient light and power to the college for many years to come, and it is splendid to know to what a useful purpose it has been put.

A NEW FACT ABOUT LIGHTNING

Science and the Storm

A way of preventing lightning from setting fire to oil tanks has been adopted by the General Electric Company, which has discovered that lightning never strikes the ground in the neighbourhood of a conducting rod nearer than a distance equal to four times the rod's height.

By having two masts erected on each side of an oil tank, and some aerial suspended between the two and connected to earth, all danger from fire from lightning can be absolutely avoided. By building the masts a sufficient height all danger has been avoided of those destructive lightning fires which have taken place from time to time in oil-producing countries.

INAYAT KHAN

Apostle of Brotherly Love

A good and gentle soul has passed away in Inayat Khan, news of whose death comes from Delhi.

He was a teacher of an ancient religion known as Sufism, an offshoot of Islam, giving it, however, a wide interpretation against which Christians could have little to say. Sufism was to him a brotherhood which knew no distinction of race, colour, or creed, and aimed at social and religious unity everywhere. He saw no reason for interference with the special customs or beliefs of any who cared to join him in a religion of love and wisdom.

Inayat travelled far and wide, preaching his universal religion to East and West, and he spent some time in England. With him travelled a band known as the Royal Hindu Musicians, who played with great distinction and with a kind of secret ecstasy that deeply impressed their hearers. Inayat himself played on a sacred instrument called the vina, and sang his own compositions.

A SPLENDID FAILURE

The Hard Run of Two Dogs

From Alaska comes a pathetic story of how two dogs tried to save their master.

An Indian named Ginnis Solomon, who lives in the lonely Black River district, one morning heard a noise outside his cabin. He found two exhausted dogs whose feet were almost cut to pieces by a long journey over ice and snow. Tied to the collar of each was a note, but the writing was unreadable. Solomon knew that someone must be in need, so he set off on the trail.

At the end he came to the camp of a fur-trapper named Roy Felter. The man had been overcome by illness, and had sent his intelligent dogs for help, and then he had died before it came. Their long, painful journey was all in vain, but they had not failed for lack of love. Death had outrun them.

THE MISSING COOLIES

A Plant Hunter's Experience

After a year's plant-hunting in Burma Captain Kingdon Ward has lately returned with 4000 specimens of plants, insects, and birds for Kew and South Kensington.

His hunting-ground was the great mountain range between the Irrawaddy and the Brahmaputra, and as he climbed he encountered every kind of natural growth, from the jungle of the Tropics to the rarest Alpine flora. It was difficult to go for even a short walk without discovering some new species. Magnolias 80 feet high, a gigantic violet-flowered poppy, and a red-barked birch that should yield good timber in England were among his many discoveries.

Once he almost lost his collection. Returning to camp after an absence of 18 days he found that his coolies had deserted, and with them the means of transporting his specimens to the coast. Happily the eight men who had gone with him remained loyal. With their help, he made forced marches on half rations to Fort Ferz, 160 miles away, and there secured fresh coolies and supplies, with which he returned to his base.

WIRELESS PICTURES

C.N. Expert's Plan in Vienna

It seems likely that the C.N. may have to congratulate one of its scientific experts on being the first successful producer of wireless pictures.

Photographs are expected to be broadcast nightly from the Vienna station early in June as part of the ordinary programme. The system which is being used is the invention of an Englishman, Mr. T. Thorne Baker, who has for over twenty years been associated with picture-telegraphy and is a frequent contributor to the C.N.

A number of machines has been given to leading English wireless societies, who are hoping to pick up the pictures here.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 16

1927

The Tribunal of Common Sense

THE League is marching on, we said the other day. It is.

At Geneva the nations which sit about the Council Table are not represented by strong men armed but by men whose best weapon is common sense. One of the consequences is that when a little national grievance is set before the board it begins to dwindle in the warmth of friendly consideration.

When the last meeting of the Council began this spring there were all sorts of alarms floating in the air, but before the Council had been sitting a few days all these rumours had melted like snow in sunshine.

When men sit round a table and each can learn what the man on the other side of it has to say about a difference that divides them it becomes harder and harder to believe that war is the way to settle it. Open discussion is good for the soul. It creates an atmosphere of give and take. In the atmosphere of Geneva grievances wilt and die.

A man with a grievance becomes a shining river when he speaks of it; a nation brooding over it can become a turbulent torrent. But when grievances are laid on the tribunal table before men who will insist on taking a cheerful view they have a way of fading away to a trickle.

Some of the things which have happened in this springlike atmosphere of common sense would not have been believed a few months ago. There was the difficulty of the Saar iron district of Germany, the bone of contention at which France and Germany worried so long. At the last discussion Dr. Stresemann for Germany and M. Briand for France found themselves chaffing one another about it. Grievances do not thrive on that sort of food. Half the troubles of the world can be laughed away.

The other nations, almost scandalised to find France and Germany merry at one another's expense, at once began to think that if these big people could settle big affairs in such a way perhaps their own disputes were not so serious as they had thought before they came to put them on the table.

So, like the Chancellor in Tennyson's poem of the Sleeping Beauty, who, when he woke from his long sleep, "smiling, put the question by," the nations at Geneva are forming the habit of making the least of their troubles and find ways of carrying on without making them worse.

Trouble saved is peace gained in Europe, and the League shows at every meeting that it grows stronger in preventing the one and promoting the other.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet; the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Flower in a Slum

A WORKER in the slums has been saying that he has often met poor children who refused to take pennies, but never one who refused a flower. No one can carry flowers through an East End street, he says, without running the gauntlet of admiring eyes and suppliant voices.

What a wonderful thing that is! The children of the slums grow up with ugly things all round them, but when they see beauty they know and love it. Their joy in a daffodil is as great as Wordsworth's.

Surely there is something divine in the heart of a child who, brought up in the vileness of a slum, is filled with delight by the pure loveliness of a flower! God must have taught him that delight, for it is very certain Man did not.

How You Played

For when the One Great Scorer comes To write against your name He writes not that you won or lost But how you played the game.

Sir Henry Newbolt

Traffic and Brains

HAVE you tried crossing the street from any direction toward Westminster Abbey? One of our readers has just done it, and was nearly run over opposite St. Margaret's. What is going to happen to London traffic?

Mr. Edison says he has thought it over, and that our only hope is the mathematician. He will be the man called in to solve things (that studious-looking young man at present working hard in a college room in Cambridge). Cities that are overcrowded will have to rearrange themselves on whatever plan he lays down. We must build for very heavy and very fast movement in our streets, but let the mathematicians come and make their observations; and let the architects follow their calculations about bodies and spaces.

Time, Mr. Edison goes on to say, is the only real capital man has, and he cannot afford to lose it. If he builds skyscrapers and then fills them with people he must think of the time it will take to get out into the street, and of how overcrowded the street will be when the workers pour into it. Perhaps the air taxis will help us!

Always Something Growing

A field is never empty long, There's always something growing, For if the farmer sows no corn Then winds will do the sowing; The charlocks spring, the bindweeds cling, And thistles soon be showing. A heart is never empty long, Soon idle hearts want weeding; Unless you sow the seeds of Light The seeds of Night are breeding. Come, Love, and fill my heart until Wrong finds no room for seeding.

Country Girl

The Hotel de Veal

ONE of the best lawyers in Connecticut, and one of the best travelling companions in the world, was talking with a travelling friend in Europe about the eternal veal on the bill of fare on the Continent.

"Every hotel in Europe ought to be called Hôtel de Ville," said one.

"You ought to publish that joke and bind it in calf!" said the other.

We cannot bind it in calf, but we publish it.

Tip-Cat

AN M.P. thinks Safety First is a bad motto for England. It won't help to reduce the surplus population.

ANOTHER M.P. urges the House to reduce the number of its Bills. Evidently an economist.

ONLY aged people, it seems, visit the National Gallery. It is specially reserved for Old Masters.

ACCORDING to Mr. Austen Chamberlain there are no secrets in British foreign policy.~ Somebody must have let them all out.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If an electric plant grows from a bulb

Which explains the contents of its recent dispatches.

MR. CHURCHILL is said to be at home in the noise of battle. His favourite food is war fare.

SIR HENRY WOOD says he is satisfied with London. He isn't one of those who want the Earth.

A PHILOSOPHER inquires: Can we ever be sure of knowing anyone? Not if they don't want to know us.

Keep Smiling

By the Chief Scout

Smile. When you smile Another smiles, And soon there's miles And miles of smiles; And life's worth while Because you smile.

Those Who Will Not Go

How hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is over! One would think they had been built in your study and were waiting to be launched.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Eyes and No Eyes

By a C.N. Traveller

Long before there was a Children's Encyclopedia children used to read a little story called Eyes and No Eyes. A correspondent was reminded of it during visits to London and Cambridge the other day.

Here are a few things she heard said.

IN the exhibition of Flemish pictures at Burlington House she saw an eager girl pressing through the throng of people to see closely a beautiful Roger van der Weyden painting. She called out to her companion: "Charles, isn't the texture of this gold embroidery on her veil perfectly wonderful?"

"H'm!" said the man. "Very nice; but I feel I want my lunch."

After he had turned away the girl stayed and feasted her eyes on that deep and brilliant gold. She saw beauty where he saw none.

Overheard at Cambridge

The next remark overheard was in the pit of a theatre, where one woman turned to a stranger and said, after seeing a play which dealt with the days of the past: "I think it so wonderful and restful to read about old days, to imagine oneself back in the reign of Queen Anne, for instance, to think of the frocks one would wear, of the food one would eat."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," was the frigid reply of the stranger, turning her eyes away.

Then in the lounge of a Cambridge hotel, not a quarter of a mile from the glories of King's College Chapel and the treasures of the Fitzwilliam Museum and the tide of happy life throbbing and flowing through Pembroke College, was heard an undergraduate's voice:

"Yes, my father came up last term, but he went down the same day. Didn't know what to do with himself in Cambridge! It isn't much of a spot, is it?"

What the Baby Said

The next remark heard was the best of all. It was in a nursery full of people adoring small children.

Suddenly a rosy cherub of two fixed her eyes on a shy lady sitting near her, really the most ardent child-lover in the room, though a very quiet one. Skipping away from a fashionable girl who was trying to attract her attention (but who would have been the first to be bored if the child had cried or been tiresome) Baby cried out: *I do love Auntie Marjory*, thus bestowing a crown of glory on the worthiest head. The child had eyes.

A Child's Prayer

By Charles Dickens

Hear my prayer, O, Heavenly Father, Ere I lay me down to sleep; Bid Thy angels, pure and holy, Round my bed their vigil keep.

Keep me through this night of peril, Underneath its boundless shade; Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee, When my pilgrimage is made.

Pardon all my past transgressions, Give me strength for days to come; Guide and guard me with Thy blessing Till Thy angels bid me home.

April 16, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

RACE OF 27,000 MEN

A GREAT CROWD RUNS AFTER DIAMONDS

Extraordinary Scene that May Never Occur Again

LINE OF RUNNERS TWO MILES LONG

We were describing the other day what a rush to peg claims on a South African diamond field has grown to be like now that thousands of eager hands are thrust out to grasp these rare golden opportunities of getting something for nothing.

A description has now reached us from the Rand of the greatest diamond rush which has ever taken place, in which 27,000 runners took part in a wild scramble for fortune at Grasfontein. It gives a remarkable picture of what happened in this incredible race.

Ready for the Start

Long before sunrise the town of Lichtenburg was astir. For a week before the day long queues had waited at the Mining Commissioner's office to obtain licences entitling them to peg out a claim on the new diamond fields if they could get there in time. On the day before the day no fewer than ten thousand licences had been handed out, the last at one o'clock in the morning; while those who had them already were beginning to stream toward the starting line. But when dawn broke all those waiting queues were beaten and forgotten in the sight of those who were waiting behind the ropes and the sentinel police.

At seven o'clock the Union Jack, which by its lowering on the flagstaff was to be the signal to start, fluttered up for all to see. The flagstaff was planted 200 yards in front of the line. Behind the line the diamond-seekers flocked every minute, and the line was two miles long and in many places fourteen men deep.

The Zealous Policeman

By the time the signal was given for them to start there were 27,000 of them—27,000 in the race for fortune—and another 20,000 looking on. All were behind the line because, after a break-away a week before, the greatest care had been taken that there should be no false starts and that none should secure an unfair advantage.

So the diggings had been searched by the police for people who might be there fraudulently, and fifty men had been arrested, some in hiding, some already pegging, some who had to be carried off. So careful was the search that a zealous young policeman tried to arrest the Mining Commissioner himself, and would hardly be convinced that he had made a mistake. The Mining Commissioner complimented him on his thoroughness.

There were several cars on the way to the diggings which their owners had left there, and the police put them out of action so that nobody should be able to use them.

The Rush Begins

These were the preliminaries. Meanwhile the crowd was growing denser and noisier. Nine o'clock came, ten o'clock, and the mounted police rode up to take charge. A squadron of them formed up by the Union Jack, where the Mining Commissioner stood. The minutes now seemed to go by more slowly than the hours. There was a disturbance approaching a fight at one point of the two-mile front of runners. The mounted police quelled it.

It was now nearing midday, and the Mining Commissioner breathed more freely. There would be no illegal rushes. A dog ran in front of the waiting line. One or two belated runners tried to find places behind it and were loudly booed. In the distance a mounted policeman ordered back some motor-car spectators

THE BROKEN STRING

STILL the Scots pipers recall the pibrochs of old-time at festival or ceremonial, and there are among them renowned pipers whose names stand high with the Scottish people. But the last of the traditional fiddlers is dead. James Scott Skinner has passed away in his Aberdeen home.

He was 84, and for sixty years his fiddle had set the tune to strathspey and reel at numberless weddings and gay occasions. Two generations came and went, children were born to parents at whose wedding the fiddler had played, and the little ones had grown up to have weddings of their own, to which he came. The fiddler's hair grew white, and still he went on fiddling.

Thousands of people dead and living had listened to James Scott Skinner's

strathspeys, and had found the tune of life a little gayer in consequence. Other fiddlers may come after, but none will be quite like him, for he was part of Scotland's memories. When he was a boy he had heard the great Neil Gow play the old tunes, and when that historic fiddler died his mantle fell on Skinner's broad shoulders.

Worthily he wore it, and Scotsmen everywhere, hearing that the mantle now covers his grave, will feel that some music has faded out of the world. The fiddler who was welcome at every wedding and every birth has no longer much of a place in the world. The gramophone is a poor substitute, and even the wonder of wireless cannot be quite the same as listening to the old man's fiddle.

IN MEMORY OF VIRGINIA DARE



One of the remarkable stones of history, this rough memorial on Roanoke Island, Virginia, records the birth there of Virginia Dare, the first white child born in the British Empire. Roanoke is no longer in the Empire, but this stone has been set up in memory of the days when she was born in Sir Walter Raleigh's colony of Virginia. See page 9

who had drawn too near. Five minutes to twelve, and the Mining Commissioner drove in his blue car to the Union Jack and cut two out of the three cords holding up the flag. He read the proclamation, and such was the sudden stillness that all its words could be easily heard. Twelve o'clock came, and he cut the last strand. The flag fluttered down. The rush began.

What a sight! The silence broke into a roar. The mighty line of men went forward with a yell like a battle-cry. It sprang forward as if life or death depended on its speed. But there never was such a motley line of soldiers as these. There were young men and old, vigorous and infirm; but most of them were runners. Some were in running shorts, some half-naked in swimming dress; some in pyjamas. There were famous runners from all over the Cape among them, hired for the occasion by limited companies to peg out claims for them. There were students from the Rand University, South African lawn

tennis champions, boxers, and footballers. They were pitting their muscle and stamina against time. Pegs in hand; licences in their pockets, the 27,000 dashed forward in the three-mile race to the new El Dorado.

Three miles—the best got there in something over a quarter of an hour. They were the professional runners, and their business was to peg out the claims which had been pointed out as the best. Others stumbled, gasping, after them, never quite sure, when they came within reach of the Grasfontein diamond ground, whether to peg out at once or to go on farther in the hope of faring better—perhaps to find afterwards that they had fared worse.

Many of the claims quickly changed hands for hundreds of pounds soon after the pegs had been thrust in, for nobody was sure that anything had been won. It was all a gamble. But it was the strangest sight the diamond fields had ever known, and perhaps it may be the last of its kind.

CHANGING CHINA

HER WAR TO END WAR

The Misery of the Long-Drawn-Out Rule of War Lords

PILLAGE AND SUFFERING

What is to be the end of the trouble in China? Is she dying, or is she struggling toward a newer and stronger life?

We have talked for a long time now of China's awakening, and we have talked truly. The spread of education, the new ideas of government, the improved system of law, the spread of industrial enterprise, are in truth the beginnings of a new China. But the collapse of the old Imperial power proved the opportunity of ambitious soldiers to attempt to seize power for themselves; and for years these war lords have been holding the country to ransom, enriching themselves from its revenues and paying their soldiers by permission to loot.

Desperate Remedies

Of course their coming has paralysed the whole reform movement, and caused people in despair to seek desperate remedies for a desperate disease. Hence the great uprising from the South. This new civil war, with the new reforming Government of Canton on one side and all the quarrelling war lords on the other, is the civil war which is to end civil war in China, as our war against Germany was to end war in Europe.

Unfortunately, the tradition of looting in war is so strong in China that it keeps breaking out even in the ranks of the reformers. It has made us angry to hear of the looting of the foreign quarter in Nanking by the advancing Southern forces, and of the dangers to which our people are being wantonly exposed. But it is a disaster they are sharing with the Chinese civilians there as elsewhere. Still, it seems true that the Southern leaders are trying hard to maintain order among their soldiery, and that they do represent a movement to restore civil authority and bring government by war lords to an end.

Bark of Trees as Food

So far as we are allowed to see behind the advancing armies of the South comparative peace and quiet rule there; and their progress is welcomed everywhere, despite the looting by the advance guards. No doubt the people feel that they cannot well be worse off under the new rule than under the old, for the war lords have reduced whole provinces to absolute beggary. Trade has collapsed there, mills and factories have closed, land has gone out of cultivation, and famine broods over the homes of the people. The bark of trees is becoming a staple food!

If settled government can once be restored these evils will pass away like a bad dream, and the new China will become a reality instead of a fair promise destroyed by war. And the new China will need our help. She will want to trade with us and to learn from us the secret of industrial progress. While misery and poverty continue it is easy for the real culprits to point to the foreigner as the cause of all the trouble, and there is too much stirring-up of anti-foreign feeling by the Bolsheviks in China; but when the trouble is past these feelings also will pass.

COLOURING STEEL

We hear that a scientist has found a process for colouring steel which may result in steel fittings and ornaments replacing more valuable metals in our homes and elsewhere.

The steel is said to be stainless and rust-proof, and it is possible for it to be coloured to any shade.

THE OLD CAPTAIN'S TREASURES

A HUNDRED THOUSAND THINGS HE LOVED

John Smith of Baltimore and His Plant Collections

HIS HUNDREDTH YEAR DRAWS NEAR

There is an old gentleman living in America of whom the States are very proud, and Yale University particularly so, for he is the oldest graduate of Yale.

He is Captain John Donnell Smith, of Baltimore, and he has just allowed the treasures of half a lifetime to become part of the Smithsonian Institution.

Captain Smith was born nearly a hundred years ago, and has seen so many changes come in America that he has given up being surprised about anything. As far back as 1847 he was at Yale, working for his degree and studying law. He had just settled down as a lawyer when the Civil War broke out.

From Law to Botany

John decided that he must live up to his principles and fight on behalf of the Southern States, who broke away from the Union on the subject of slavery. When those terrible years were over Captain Smith went back home, and became a lawyer again.

In the meantime he was beginning to feel greatly interested in a subject in which his friend Dr. Asa Gray was very much engrossed. From 1842 to 1873 Dr. Gray was Professor of Natural History at Harvard University. Another friend was an Englishman, Sir Joseph Hooker, the Director of Kew Gardens.

Both these men had made expeditions in the interests of botany to various parts of the world. In 1877 Sir Joseph and Dr. Gray joined forces, exploring Colorado, Utah, and California. By this time Captain Smith had become a botanist also.

World-Famous Collections

He was fired with a great ambition to make a superb botanical collection. No labour or expense was too great for him. There are plenty of people still alive in Central America who can remember the soldier-lawyer turned botanist exploring mile after mile of country in search of rare plants.

After twenty years his collections began to be talked of all over Europe and America. His dear friend Dr. Asa Gray died in 1888, and Captain Smith turned to his studies for comfort. When he was seventy-five he decided that it was his duty to give his treasures to his country, but he could not bear to part with them—not yet. He therefore made a present of his library and his plant collections of more than a hundred thousand specimens to the Smithsonian Institution. It was a curious kind of present. The botanist explained that he had decided that these things really must belong to the Smithsonian, but he would borrow them for a few more years. Like Pharaoh, the old captain could not let them go.

Handed Over at Last

Another 22 years went by, and still this dear and venerable lover of plants pored over his treasures. Now, at the age of 97, he has regretfully and nobly decided to relinquish them, and the Smithsonian now possesses the most valuable botanical present ever made to it.

How valuable it is only botanists know. There is one rare book, which is the only copy America possesses of a volume published at Madrid in 1797 and containing the first descriptions ever printed of some important Mexican plants. Captain Smith specialised in the botany of Central America, and the collection is naturally rich in specimens from that vast district. There are also rare collections from China, Tibet, India, Australia, Europe. No wonder Captain Smith could not bear to let them go.

THE END OF CLARK'S FOLLY

A Senator and His Magnificence

THE HOUSE THAT WENT WRONG

Clark's Folly will soon be forgotten, for it is being pulled down. In time nobody will remember it, or why it was called a Folly, or who Clark was.

It was a house in New York, the most magnificent thing that Senator William Clark could think of when he gave orders to build it. He spared no expense, for he had, as they say in New York, money to burn. He had made the money from copper mines in Montana, and he had made so much of it that though he was called the Montana Copper King he did not know what to do with it.

The king in the nursery rhyme who sat in his counting-house counting out his money was sadly aware that there would be plenty of ways of employing it usefully. But the Montana Copper King could think of nothing better than to build a granite house with 120 rooms, four art galleries, a swimming-pool, and a theatre.

A House but Not a Home

The vast mansion was too big to live in when it was finished, and even the ceilings, for which he had stripped a French chateau, and the oak brought from Sherwood Forest, and decorations from all the corners of the Earth, could not make it a home. It remained a mansion, ungainly and extravagant, and at last it became a laughing-stock. For a home is a house with a soul and with memories. It has to fit the family or the man who builds it.

Now it is going. It cost a million and a half pounds. It has been sold for the price of the ground it stands on. The housebreakers are demolishing it, and the Folly will soon have vanished like rainbow gold.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Aberdeen, the Granite City, has imported over 1200 tons of granite in a month.

A dog on holiday with his master in the island of Arran found nearly 400 lost golf balls in a month.

It is estimated that the sea now yields food products worth over 200 million pounds a year.

Canada's Cars

There are now over 570,000 motor-cars in Canada, nearly half of them in Ontario.

From Private to General

Sixteen of the United States Army generals have risen from the rank of private.

So High

The Tibetans call Mount Everest by a name that means "The place so high that even a bird goes blind there."

London's Dear Rats

Each rat caught in the docks and warehouses of the Port of London last year cost about 2s. 3d. to catch.

Electricity in America

The consumption of electricity on the North American continent has increased during the past 14 years from 17 million to 48 million horse-power.

New Lincoln Memorial

A national memorial is to be built at the country home of Abraham Lincoln's boyhood near Gentryville, in Indiana, where his mother lies buried.

The First Tube Restaurant

The Underground will open its first tube restaurant this summer. This will be in its Charing Cross Station, through which trains pass daily carrying 400,000 passengers.

Homes Waiting for Electricity

Within our existing areas of electrical supply are 5,600,000 British homes unconnected and three million houses for which electricity is unavailable even if the occupants desired it.

C.N. BIRTHDAY

The Half-Crown Fund

STILL TIME FOR YOUR REMEMBRANCE

We give below a second list of contributions to the C.N. Birthday Fund, which is to be devoted to the Little Folks Convalescent Home at Bexhill.

Contributions are still most welcome from readers who love the C.N.

The total sum at present received is about £350.

25 5s. Mr. and Sydney Cruise, Bradford. 25. George A. Bishop, Glasgow; Miss A. R. Rowley, Fowey. 22. Miss J. I. Wilson, Eltham Park; Z. Y. X.; R. S. Hickling, Mayford. 21 7s. 6d. Andrew and Constance, Bridge of Allan. 21. C. Evans, Sale; C.N. Reader, Belfast; Mrs. Lewis, Folkestone; Mr. and Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Barker, Green Leach Windle; E. Moore, Greenwich; Miss Dawkins, Stow-on-Wold; C.N. Reader, Edinburgh; B. M. Nicholson, Laughton; Mrs. Hill and family, Lincoln; Joan Pott, Wallingford. 12s. 6d. Anon. 12s. 6d. C.N. Family, Holyhead. 10s. Doreen Cartwright, Whitechurch; Alfred White, Sunderland Point; A. A. Tustain, Birmingham; Kirkland, Houshold, Kilmarnock; Mrs. Hancock, Westcliff; Edgar, Guernsey; Old Reader; M. Wallis, Watford; Kathleen Schofield and friends, Southport; Innamuch, Murie, Crick, Ilford; Mrs. Ward and family, Ipswich; Peggy Robson, Edinburgh; Four C.N. 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THE IRON SCEPTRE

Passing from Our Hands

FOURTH PLACE WHERE WE USED TO BE FIRST

By Our Industrial Correspondent

We are still feeling the effect of the Coal Stoppage last year on the British iron and steel trade.

Between April and December most of our furnaces were blown out, and iron and steel production was brought to a standstill. As a consequence the United Kingdom produced less than two and a half million tons of pig-iron last year and only three and a half million tons of steel.

To realise how disastrous this was we must go back to the British output of iron and steel in the year before the war. Then we produced about ten million tons of iron in a year and seven million tons of steel. Even in 1925 we had not got back to those figures, and it was surprising that in 1925 we were producing less metal than twelve years before.

A Serious Position

It did not need the Coal Stoppage to make the position serious, for we were already failing to produce our old proportion of the world's supply. But the serious iron and steel figures of last year ought to pull the nation together, and make us all determined to find a way of peace. British industry could not withstand many more such assaults upon its depressed fortunes.

Long the leader in the iron and steel industry, Britain has now fallen to fourth place, coming after the United States, Germany, and France. It is no small matter that in the output of what is still man's chief instrument of power we should have fallen from our high estate.

More Hopeful Prospects

Fortunately, there does appear to be a new spirit of conciliation about, by which, we may hope, contracting firms may be moved to more enterprise. It is difficult to get orders in a competitive world when we are never sure that labour disputes may not bring work suddenly to a standstill.

Furnaces are now being blown-in again, and work restarted. Let us hope that never again shall we have to record that Britain in a month produced, not about a million tons of pig-iron, as in a month before the war, but only twelve thousand tons, as was the case in September last year.

WEWOKA'S OAK

The Tree of Justice

Wewoka is a thriving American town, and in the heart of its business centre there grows a huge oak tree, which looks as much out of place as our ugly petrol pumps look in a country lane.

The tree is a nuisance, and the authorities decided to cut it down in order to make room for another shop or to widen the road where lorries and cars go hustling to and fro all day.

But when it became known in Oklahoma county that the old oak tree of Wewoka was to be felled all the Red Indians raised a storm of protest. They said that in ancient days, before white people came into the district and built towns, this oak was called the Tree of Justice. Under its branches the Indian tribesmen judged wrongdoers, and the guilty ones were tied to its trunk and severely whipped.

For a long time now the Red Indians of that region have followed peaceful occupations, but they were so wrathful at this threat to the Tree of Justice that they seemed ready to go on the warpath again, and the business men have had to promise to let the oak alone.

April 16, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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ON THE TRAIL OF R. L. S. TRYING TO SEE HIS COTTAGE

The Difficulties of a Little Pilgrimage in Scotland A KINDLY SCOTTISH SHEPHERD TO THE RESCUE

A good reader of the C.N. sends us this story of a little visit she made with an American lady to one of the homes of R. L. S. on his native heath.

Three Scotsmen live in the hearts of all ardent readers of the English language. Their names are, Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Generously has Scotland scattered fine men over the world, but from all the rest stand forth these three. They are really known. Whoever will may know them as we know those who sit round our fireside. Scott, Burns, and Stevenson are the names that chime most frequently in the traveller's head when Scotland is first visited.

England's Haunting Romances

It was so with us when the American friend with whom, years ago, I had ranged from end to end of California came to me in England according to a long-made promise, and burst forth "And now for Bonnie Scotland!"

A fortnight's quiet rambles amid the rural beauties, the age-long memories, and the haunting romances of England had already obliterated from her mind the wearying impressions left by three months of homeless Continental travel. How different England was! And Scotland, too, no doubt!

Scottish by descent on her father's side and English on her mother's side, my friend kept the balance even, and accordingly away to Scotland we went, with Scott, Burns, and Stevenson as our guiding stars.

What California Missed

With the fadeless memories of Scott and Burns I am not here concerned. They have drawn the world to Scotland, and their pathways are plain. Stevenson was more especially our man. My friend from Massachusetts and I from Northamptonshire had struck up our friendship in California, and of all the places where the English language runs outside Britain California is the civilised place that claims the biggest share of Stevenson. There he reached his life's turning-point, for there he married. It may not have treated him very well. Certainly it did not know him for what he was. But it knows now what it missed when it gave him a grudging welcome.

So with these things in our minds, reflected from far-off California, we made a visit to the home of R. L. S.'s youth, the closing and crowning event in our study of grey old Edinburgh and its neighbourhood. Swanston Cottage became the goal of our pilgrimage. Three months of visits abroad to the earthly haunts of the notable dead and three weeks of similar tributes at home had made the finding of the cottage seem an easy matter.

Unfriendly Swanston

We went by tram and we went by bus, and finally we walked. For that we were nothing loth, as no land can rival Scotland in courteous and cheerful givers of information to ladies afoot. It is true that each helper regarded himself as wiser than the last and able to suggest a nearer road, which more than once meant going back a piece. And it was not till we actually came to the place that we were told there was no chance of really seeing the cottage because it was kept strictly private. There it was; but not for us to see.

And then kind Fortune brought along the shepherd and his dog. God bless all shepherds and their knowing dogs! Yes, said he, the cottage was strictly

VIRGINIA DARE First White Child of the Empire A UNIQUE MEMORIAL

The first white child of the British Empire overseas was Virginia Dare, daughter of two of the settlers sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in the days when he was dreaming of Virginia as the foundation of British power beyond the seas.

The C.N. has already recorded the unveiling of a tablet recording this interesting event; it was unveiled last year on Roanoke Island by the British Ambassador to America.

No picture of this memorial having been published, the C.N. has had one taken, and puts it on record as one of the remarkable monuments of the English-speaking world. The inscription on the stone, now published, it is believed, for the first time in England, is as follows:

On this site, in July-August, 1585 (old style), colonists sent out from England by Sir Walter Raleigh built a fort, called by them

THE NEW FORT IN VIRGINIA.

These colonists were the first settlers of the English race in America. They returned to England in July, 1586, with Sir Francis Drake.

Near this place was born, on the 13th of August, 1587,

VIRGINIA DARE,

the first child of English parents born in America—daughter of Ananias Dare and Eleanor White, his wife, members of another band of colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587.

On Sunday, August 20, 1587, Virginia Dare was baptised. Mantes, the friendly chief of the Hatteras Indians, had been baptised on the Sunday preceding. These baptisms are the first known celebrations of a Christian sacrament in the territory of the thirteen original United States.

The whole story of Virginia and the tragedy surrounding the life of Virginia Dare and the great dream of Raleigh is told in Arthur Mee's Little Treasure Island, published by Hodder and Stoughton.

Picture on page 7

THE RAYS BEYOND THE VIOLET

Health Windows for the Factory

The new vita-glass, which has had such a wonderful effect on the health of the animals at the Zoo, is to be tried on a large scale for human beings.

Vita-glass lets through the Sun's ultra-violet rays, which ordinary glass holds back, and 33,000 square feet of it have now been fitted in windows at the Ferranti engineering works in Manchester.

Some 400 people will work behind this glass, and careful comparisons will be made of health and output in the new and the old portions of the works.

Continued from the previous column

private, but as we had come so far he could show us where we could get a clear distant view of it. We had no right to go there, but if anyone said anything to us we might reply that we were "friends of the shepherd."

So we thanked him and went, on trespass, we presume, and we were able to get from that spot a snapshot of Stevenson's early home. As we wandered back toward Edinburgh we met again the friendly shepherd and his dog, and snapped them gratefully.

I know not what my American friend (who is a writer of stories) will tell California about the cottage of Stevenson's youthful days; but somehow it seemed to us, as wandering strangers, that Swanston is not being as friendly to that great Scotsman R. L. S. as it might be. What if we had not met our friendly Pentland shepherd? The world at large surely has some right in Robert Louis Stevenson, and its interest is not exhausted by buying in Edinburgh a picture-postcard of Swanston Cottage. A place with such memories cannot properly be labelled neutral ground.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

The Great Paul of Verona

Paul Veronese died on April 19, 1588.

Venice in her heyday was a great republic, powerful in Europe, and she combined with her great commercial abilities a passion for lovely colours and pageant-like displays.

Some of the most famous names in the story of art cling to Venice: the Bellinis, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese. It may be said that Florence taught Europe to draw and Venice gave the secret of painting, of the treatment of colour and light.

The City of Art

It seemed that in Venice in the sixteenth century any man who had a feeling for art at all must paint. Such was the experience of Paul Veronese. The great fairy city in the waters had called him in youth from his home in Verona, where he was born, the son of a sculptor, about 1528. His real name was Paolo Cagliari, but when he entered the world of work he was called Paul of Verona and then Veronese.

Paul's father wanted him to be a sculptor like himself. He was a craftsman of no mean order and taught the boy to draw and to model the figure. Paul submitted for a time, thinking month by month how much more willingly he would handle a brush than a chisel.

Presently a transfer was made and Paul went into the studio of a painter uncle. There he enjoyed himself to his heart's content and learned something of the craft, but longed all the time for Venice. At last he decided that there were too many indifferent painters in Verona for his peace of mind. He went to Venice and there fell spellbound under the enchantment of the beautiful city.

A Great Opportunity

He worked for a time quietly, waiting for the moment to catch the public eye, studying the work of Titian, who was at the height of his fame as a portrait painter and maker of huge pictures, and Tintoretto, the fresco painter. The opportunity of Paul Veronese came when he secured the commission to paint the roof of the church of St. Sebastian. The subject chosen was the story of Esther. It was a scheme after Paul's own heart, for dearly did he love rich, sumptuous colouring and the vivid pageantry of Eastern life.

Paul made the most astounding blunders, setting in a picture people who could not possibly have belonged to the period, giving them clothes of another century and any kind of setting so long as it pleased him. In gaily overriding aspects of his work that would have troubled a historian Paul worked out his own genius unhampered. He is the very essence of Venetian painting. He cannot lay claim to the majesty of Titian or the nervous energy of Tintoretto, but he achieved a careless, golden beauty in his work and a decorative massing of colour that have never ceased to please the world.

This man who loved barbaric splendour was at heart a good and pious man, generous and friendly in his way of living. He died on April 19, 1588, and was sincerely mourned.

A Riot of Colour

Probably his most famous picture is the Marriage at Cana, now in the Louvre. There we see all the riot of his colour and warm, glowing tints, and all his sins against historical accuracy. The canvas is thirty feet long, and on it Paul painted about 130 figures life size.

It would take pages to describe the gorgeousness of this picture. It is a delightful jumble of lovely shapes wherein Mary and Jesus and the Apostles are mixed up with Venetian lords and princes, monks, poets, writers, in sixteenth-century dress. And, crowning triumph for dear Paul, he got in among the musicians himself and Tintoretto playing the cello, and Titian, an old man in a crimson robe, playing the bass fiddle.

NEXT WEEK'S METEOR DISPLAY POSSIBILITY OF AN UNKNOWN WORLD

Sudden End of Visitors from Distant Space

TRAVELLING ON FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS

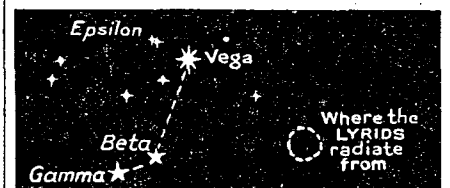
By the C.N. Astronomer

The Lyrid meteors are due next week. The nights of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday should reward observers with the spectacle of some of these shooting stars, as they are popularly called, though it is on Thursday, April 21, when the Earth will be close to the denser portion of the stream, that the best display is expected.

These meteors appear to radiate from the constellation of Lyra, hence their name, but they have no actual association with those stars.

Lyra will be readily found with the aid of Vega, the brightest star in that part of the sky, rather low in the north-east about 10 p.m., summer time, and high up in the east at midnight. After that moonlight will spoil visibility. Nevertheless, the chances of seeing the meteors will be better this year than last, when the Moon was much in evidence.

It is possible that as many as twenty meteors an hour may be seen at the most



The constellation of Lyra

favourable period of the display if this comes at night and not in the daytime. But, given a clear sky, some, at any rate, are sure to be visible. Last year as many as 18 meteors an hour were observed at maximum on April 21.

Now, to observe only one of these visitors from afar speed through our atmosphere is a most impressive sight when we consider whence it came and all that it reveals—the possible existence of a great unknown world.

We see the meteor in the transient glory of its incandescence sweeping for a few seconds across the sky, less than 80 miles above us, until it is consumed at, perhaps, half that distance away; then we realise that it has become part of our world.

But for many millions of years that meteor has had an independent existence, whirling in a vast orbit at least 4000 million miles long; it has come from far beyond the orbit of Neptune, 2700 million miles away—probably twice as far, for these meteors formed part of the first comet of 1861, or Comet 1861a, as astronomers would say.

Fragments of a Comet

This comet approached the Sun and passed close to the Earth's orbit in 1861, and then began its return to those far-off depths in space from which it is expected to return about A.D. 2276.

Following in the wake of this comet is a vast train of cometary debris, of which these Lyrids form a part, the Earth annually sweeping up and absorbing large numbers of them.

But the most amazing thing that these meteors and the Comet 1861a reveal is the almost certain fact that another planet exists far beyond the orbit of Neptune; for the far end, so to speak, of a comet's orbit is invariably associated with another body far denser and more massive than itself. This unknown world is probably half as far off again as Neptune, a great, dark, lonely world which is likely to remain for ever hidden from us. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Venus in the west by north-west. Mars west. Saturn south-east at midnight.

THE RIVER PIRATES

A Tale of Adventure By Herbert Strang

What Has Happened Before

Lawrence Benson, a young wireless operator on a tramp steamer which has put in at Hong Kong, goes over to Macao to see his brother Michael.

While out in Michael's motor-boat they rescue a drowning man.

Later, in seeking refuge in a storm, they come upon the amazing sight of a Chinese squatting on a cushion in a bare room with a knotted rope round his neck, the ends in the hands of two other men, who are standing over him.

This adventure leads to another, when the boys find themselves in danger of losing their boat.

CHAPTER 5

Running the Gauntlet

MICHAEL'S main concern was to get out of reach before the Chinese recovered from the temporary panic into which they had been thrown. It would have been a simple matter had the creek run straight; unluckily, it made a series of loops, and its winding course neutralised the Bantam's speed, for the Chinese had only to run across the paddy field and the open bank beyond and they would intercept the boat's course.

The boat, in fact, was only just under way when there was a sharp thud in the well and a simultaneous report from the paddy field.

"Lie flat!" Michael called, at the same time crouching as low as possible in the well. "Any damage done?"

"The bullet must have struck Ah Sung's boat-hook," Larry replied. "He stood it up just behind here."

"They're very determined," said Michael, as other shots in quick succession flew from the rifles of the Chinese.

One passed between the spokes of the steering-wheel; a second buried itself in the woodwork of the cabin; a third rattled on one of Ah Sung's saucepans; others thudded in the well or sang through the air. But the Bantam was rapidly running out of range; it was a question whether the enemy would give up firing for the moment and rush to take up a position of vantage.

A bend in the creek hid the two parties from each other. But shouts from the invisible Chinese soon gave the answer to the question. They had evidently perceived the chance that Michael had foreseen, and were hurrying in pursuit. There was now a second question to be resolved: whether the Bantam would navigate the winding loops of the creek more quickly than the Chinese could make their straight cut across country.

The point of danger was a high bank at the far end of the stretch of open land. If the Chinese reached the point in time they would be in a position to fire straight down into the boat, and its occupants would be at their mercy. On the other hand, as Michael well knew, if the boat reached that bluff first the danger would be over, for beyond it great beds of reeds extended into the creek, through which it would be impossible for the Chinese to continue the pursuit.

"Larry, help Ah Sung to rig up the awning," said Michael.

The awning was rigged up, and, feeling that now everything depended on speed, Michael gave his whole attention to the engine and to the steering-wheel.

There was silence from the bank; nothing to show whether the Chinese were pursuing or not. But as the Bantam rounded a bend Larry glanced to the left and gave a cry.

"They're after us full pelt," he said, "running straight across. They'll get there first unless you can get a straight run."

"Unluckily, the creek makes another large bend. Better try a shot, Larry. Of course, you can't

do any damage with a shot-gun at this range, and I'm not anxious to do any, but it may startle them and hold them in check. Wait a little, though."

The path followed by the pursuers was like the chord of an arc. It gradually converged upon the course of the boat. Michael looked anxiously ahead. It seemed inevitable that the three Chinese who were racing along must arrive first at the bluff overlooking the creek. They had but another hundred yards to go; the curve made by the creek was nearly twice that length. But if only a few seconds could be saved all might yet be well.

"Now!" said Michael curtly.

Larry let fly with his gun. The result was almost comic. The three Chinese instantly fell flat, one behind another, like ninepins bowled over by one ball. It took them a moment or two to realise that no one was hurt and that they had only small shot to deal with. Then they sprang up and raced on.

A laugh broke from Larry. "Shall I try another?" he asked when he had recovered his breath.

"Not yet. I think perhaps we'll do it now," Michael replied. "We didn't stop; they did; and the few moments we gained may make all the difference. And I'd like to get through without peppering them if I can."

The Bantam whizzed round the bend. It reached the bluff neck and neck with the Chinese. For a moment it was hidden from them as they climbed the slope, and when they reached the top, labouring for breath, the boat was twenty or thirty yards ahead. They fired raggedly. A couple of bullets ripped their way through the awning, but did no more harm. Before they could fire again the Bantam was in among the reeds, and the Chinese, cut off by the swamp and shallows, were unable to carry the pursuit farther.

CHAPTER 6

Wo Hung and Mirski

NEXT morning Larry occupied himself in fitting up a wireless set in Michael's sitting-room. His idea was partly to provide his brother with opportunities of entertainment, if the instrument could be tuned to some broadcasting station; partly to be able to communicate with Michael while he was himself at sea.

He had brought with him a compact two-valve set and a number of dry batteries, the whole apparatus taking up only a few square inches of space on Michael's window-sill. A long flex connected with a loud-speaker, which, placed on a bookcase, looked like a neat cabinet, and there were earphones for alternative use.

"It seems simple enough," said Michael, when Larry had explained how to use the apparatus. "And you say that I'll be able to get messages from you?"

"Within a certain limited range. My wireless on the old tramp is not very powerful, but with my microphone I ought to be able to make you hear while she's still in the China seas."

At this moment Ah Sung came into the room.

"Wo Hung come look-see boss longa nother fella," he said.

"Who's the other fellow?" asked Michael.

"No savvy allo plopa; my tinkie him Lusski fella."

"Shall we ask them up, Larry? You remember Gallowes; he and Chang were both at the old school; they left a year before I did."

"I just remember them, but they were seniors when I was very low down, so I didn't know them."

"Well, I suppose Gallowes had better come up with his Russian friend; but you'd better cover up the wireless. I'd rather keep that quiet for a bit."

He ordered Ah Sung to bring the visitors upstairs. Meanwhile Larry disconnected the batteries and covered the valve set with a fold of the window curtain.

Ah Sung ushered into the room a young Chinese, rather short and thickset, dressed in European fashion, with a considerable display of white-shirt-cuff. Behind him came a larger man, also in European dress.

"Hi, Benson," said Wo Hung with an air of bonhomie, "how are you? Quite well, eh? Sorry I couldn't come with you the other day. But let me introduce my friend Mr. Mirski. Mr. Benson, old schoolfellow of mine."

The Russian shook hands with Michael: Larry was introduced; then the four sat down and cigarettes were handed round.

"My friend Mirski is a good sport," said Wo Hung genially. "We are all good sports, eh? And as Mirski is some time at Macao I thought he ought to know you. You own a motor-boat; so does he. A bond of union, eh?"

"So Mirski is the owner of the motor-boat we saw the other day," thought Michael. He looked with a new interest at the Russian. Mirski was not of the tall, fair type, with a well-trimmed moustache and beard, but broad, sallow, clean-shaven, with features of a Mongolian cast. "Scratch a Russian and find a Tartar." The phrase flashed into Michael's mind.

"You have just come to Macao?" he said.

"A few days ago," Mirski replied. "On business; it may keep me a month or so. I am agent for a firm of importers—Siberian pelts, you know. They wish to open up new markets, and I am here to test the market for them."

"And you use your motor-boat in your business?" said Michael.

"Also for pleasure," said the Russian, smiling. "It is a very agreeable pastime; do you not find it so?"

He spoke easily; his manner was courteous, but Michael was not attracted by him; indeed, was conscious of an instinctive antipathy.

"You had good sport with the snipe?" said Wo Hung.

"Very fair, considering the weather," replied Michael. "We were caught in that thunderstorm; got thoroughly drenched."

"Ah, yes, and there is no shelter, unless perhaps you found yourselves near a farm?"

"No; we got rather far from Lo Ping's place. But a wetting hurts nobody."

"And you slept on board, of course. The night was fine; there is nothing more pleasant than sleeping in the open, one may say, on a fine night."

The Rich Young Ruler of the World

America is today richer than any country has ever been; and in her riches lies her danger. For nations are not ruined by poverty, but many have been ruined by growing rich.

A travelling contributor to the C.N. Monthly has just been over there, and in the May number, now on sale everywhere, he tells us what the great Republic is like today. Here are the titles of a few more of the 19 articles which appear in My Magazine.

NATURE DOES NOT WASTE HER POWERS

The Wonderful Thing a Holly Bush Does

VOLTA'S JAR

And What Came Out of It

THE MYSTERIOUS WALLS OF ZIMBABWE

A Strange Secret of Rhodesia

STRENGTH AMONG THE ANIMALS

What They Can Do

THE MAN WHO WENT ON WORKING

Corot and What He Did

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee

Something in Wo Hung's manner suggested that he was trying to pump Michael about his movements on the recent trip. Michael was not inclined to give any information. It would do him no good in business if it became public property that he had had a scrap with natives; there was something mysterious about the affair. The same motive of caution led him to be silent about the strange scene in the joss-house.

The visitors remained for some time, talking about things in general. When they left Mirski said that he hoped to have the pleasure of showing Mr. Benson his motor-boat some day. Perhaps they might have a race; that would be good sport.

"I seem to have seen that chap before," said Larry when he was alone with his brother, "though it's hardly likely."

"His face seemed rather familiar to me," said Michael. "I suppose I've seen him in the streets; he's been here a few days, he said."

"Anyway, I don't take to him."

"Nor I, for that matter."

"And I don't care about Wo Hung either."

"Oh, I don't know. Gallowes has been very civil to me since I came. He has helped me with the Chinese in one or two little matters; that's why I asked him to join us in our trip. But I certainly like Chang better."

Ah Sung appeared at the door.

"Mr. Chang come this-side look-see, sah," he said.

There entered a young Chinese dressed, like Wo Hung, in European costume, but more simply. He came forward with a smile.

"How do?" he said. "I've just met Wo Hung with his friend Mirski."

"Yes, they've just left us," said Michael.

"You like Mirski?"

"Well, I don't know him; we had only a few words together."

"Well, I do not like him."

Michael laughed. "It doesn't matter," he said. "He won't be here long, and we must be civil to him for Wo Hung's sake. Larry and I are just going down to the waterside. If you've nothing better to do you might come for a stroll with us."

The three set off together. The morning was fine; the variegated shipping in the harbour made a picturesque scene in the sunlight. At one part junks and sampans were crowded together; at another lay a few yachts, sailing-boats, and launches owned by the foreign residents. It was among these that the Bantam was moored.

They were still some distance from the quayside when they noticed a dinghy, sculled by a Chinese, shoot out from behind a junk and make rapidly for the shore beyond the quay. It had no sooner touched land than the Chinese sprang out, bolted across the road, and was soon lost to sight among the huts of the native quarter.

"That looks uncommonly like my dinghy," Michael declared. "And the fellow hasn't tied it up; it will go adrift."

He set off at a run, the others at his heels, and reached the dinghy just in time to prevent its being carried off by the tide.

"It is mine!" he exclaimed. "What's the meaning of this? Jump in, you fellows!"

A minute or two later they boarded the Bantam.

"My word!" cried Michael. "Look here; nearly a foot of water in the boat! Someone's been playing the mischief with it. Drop back into the dinghy, you two, to lighten it while I see what's wrong."

Wading into the water he groped for the sea-cock; found, as he had expected, that it was open, and turned it off.

"Just in the nick of time," he said. "In another five minutes the boat would have sunk. There's dirty work going on, Larry. We'll tow her farther up the harbour, beach her, and let the water drain off. Then I shall make for the police-station."

TO BE CONTINUED

Tales Before Bedtime

The Race

BILLY was very fond of flowers, but he lived in London and had no garden of his own; there were the flower-beds in the square, of course, but they were strictly guarded by a stern keeper, who seemed to frown if you even looked at them!

So he was overjoyed when one day Aunt Frances brought him a packet of bulbs for his very own.

"They are tulips," she said. "Plant them carefully in a bowl, and it will be so interesting to watch them grow."

Billy thought it would be nice if his friend Robin had some too, so he gave him half of the bulbs, and they agreed to plant them at exactly the same time; it would be very exciting to see whose bulbs shot up first!

Billy expected that by the end of a week all his tulips would be quite tall, so he was rather disappointed when his mother assured him it would be several weeks before he saw any sign of them. First thing every morning he looked eagerly at the bowl, and whenever he saw Robin he asked how his bulbs were getting on. But Robin's seemed just as slow.

Imagine Billy's excitement when one morning four little green tips had pushed their way through the damp brown earth.

He ran round to Robin's house to tell the news; but Robin didn't seem very pleased; he was disappointed because his bulbs were still lazy.

And, indeed, as Billy's tulips grew taller week by week,



He planted them in a bowl

straight and green and slender, still Robin's showed no sign.

Mother laughed.

"I don't believe you planted them at all, Robin!" she said. But he declared that he had.

It was all very mysterious. At last Billy said: "Let us dig them up. I am sure there must be something wrong."

So he burrowed with his fingers in the earth. There, sure enough, were the four bulbs, but, would you believe it? Robin had planted all of them upside down!

"I was sure the tulips would grow up out of the bulgy end," he said.

So Billy won the race after all.

April 16, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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A Smile is Like the Glitter of the Sun



THE BRAN TUB

What Am I?

MY first is in lift and also in take,
My second's in weary and also
in ache,
My third is in apple and also in pear,
My fourth is in pious and also in
prayer,
My fifth is in only and also in one,
My sixth is in weighty and also in
ton,
My whole is the joy of ladies fair.
Visit their homes and you'll see me
there.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Long-Eared Owl

THE solemn-looking owl is chiefly noted for its silent flight and keenness of vision at night. The Long-Eared Owl, with its beautiful mottled plumage of black, brown, and orange, is one of the handsomest of the British species.

Ici On Parle Français



La cognée sert à abattre un arbre
Bébé est content; il ne pleure pas
Que mettrons-nous dans la valise?

An Effective Trick

A SIMPLE but effective trick can be carried out in this way.

Place in a tumbler a lining of black silk or similar material, and let this come nearly to the top of the glass. When the tumbler is filled with water it will look as if it contained ink.

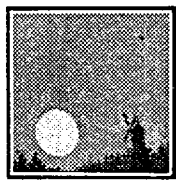
Put the tumbler on a table, cover it with a handkerchief, and announce that you are going to change the ink into water. All you have to do when you pull the handkerchief away is to make sure that you grip the silk as well.

Is Your Name Greaves?

GREAVES as a surname has several derivations. It may be, like Graves, from grave, a grove of trees, and have nothing to do with a cemetery, or it may come from the official griever, a steward. Still another possible origin is from graefe, a trench, or quarry. Thus the first Greaves may either have been a steward or have lived near a grove or a quarry.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

YOUNG hedge sparrows are fledged. The eggs of the song thrush, blackbird, mistle thrush, and moorhen hatch out. The long-tailed tit, jackdaw, kestrel, and peewit lay their eggs. The redstart, nightingale, and tree pipit are first heard. The note of the marsh tit ceases. The swallow is first seen. The squirrel builds its drey. Frog tadpoles are hatched. The black slug appears. Ring snakes are seen in couples. The common snail comes abroad. The queen wasp appears. The large and small white butterflies are seen. Among plants now in flower are fritillary, hornbeam, chervil, black currant, birch, wood anemone, wood crowfoot, jack-by-the-hedge, and pasque flower.



Looking South 10.30 p.m. April 18

Salt for Dry Rot

A GOOD remedy for dry rot is found in common salt. This, if sprinkled on affected timber, draws out the moisture which is present in unseasoned material. When this happens the salt solution penetrates into the wood, and wherever it goes it will kill the fungus that is the cause of dry rot. Where possible a layer of salt may be spread on the surface of the wood and allowed to remain. The underside of planks may be freely brushed with a strong solution of salt and water.

Proverbs About Advice

ADVICE when most needed is least heeded.

Write down the advice of him who loves you, though you like it not at present.

As many heads, as many wits. We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.

Better ask than go astray. Good advice is beyond price. Counsel breaks not the head. Counsel must be followed, not praised.

Changeling

P	O	L	E
M	A	S	T



Change the word Pole into Mast with only three intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

Jacko in Hiding

JACKO thought it best to make himself scarce one morning. There was a fearful bustle going on in the kitchen, and when he saw his mother bring out a long feather broom he promptly rushed out of the house.

"Spring-cleaning!" he exclaimed. "I'm off!"

But he soon got tired of wandering about the village. It was a gloomy sort of day, and even Jacko didn't like the biting east wind. He turned up his coat collar and pretended he wasn't a bit cold; but he couldn't help thinking that it would be pleasant to see a good fire.

At last he decided to go to see his friend Chimp, and his face lit up at the thought of how snug it would be at Chimp's house.

"I'll stay there for the rest of the day," he told himself. "Chimp's always glad to see me."

But if Chimp was glad to see Jacko his mother wasn't. She was spring-cleaning too, and she told Jacko that he couldn't



They both gave a shriek

stay unless he made himself useful. Poor Jacko groaned.

Chimp tried to cheer him up a bit. "Come on; we'll beat the carpets," he said, with a grin. "It isn't half bad sport making the dust fly."

But Jacko didn't answer him. For the second time that day he made himself scarce!

He got himself some lunch in the village, and prowled about the streets gloomily till tea-time. Then he made for home.

"The spring-cleaning must be over by now," he said hopefully.

It certainly seemed to be, for when he peeped through the parlour window everything was in perfect order and a lovely tea was laid out on the little table. Mrs. Jacko was evidently expecting a visitor.

Jacko crept into the room. He liked the look of the cakes.

Suddenly he heard voices, and dived under the little table, which was covered by a long tablecloth. The next minute Mrs. Jacko came into the room escorting Aunt Matilda.

"Now then, tea!" she said pleasantly, and to Jacko's horror the two ladies sat down at the table, and Mrs. Jacko began to pour out.

Jacko didn't dare to move. He thought he wouldn't be discovered if he stayed very quiet; but he had reckoned without Aunt Matilda's pet dog. The wretched little thing rushed under the table, yapping furiously, and caught hold of Jacko's coat.

"Whatever is the matter with darling Fido?" exclaimed Aunt Matilda anxiously, and then both she and Mrs. Jacko gave a shriek, for the table began to rock furiously and all the tea-things slithered off on to the floor.

"It's your wretched dog," said Mrs. Jacko, glaring at Aunt Matilda.

"It's your wretched boy," said Aunt Matilda, peeping under the table. "He deserves the stick." And he got it.

"He deserves the stick." And he got it.

How Gruyère Cheese Got Its Name

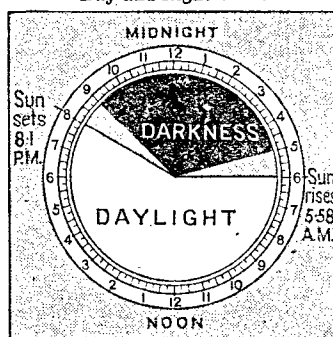
GRUYÈRE cheese is made from skimmed milk, and gets its name from the picturesque little Swiss town from which it was first imported. The curd is pressed in circular moulds, and the air bubbles which try to escape leave a number of large and small holes in the cheese.

A Charade

MY first contains a solid foot
When used or when on trial;
Without my second not a note
Can sound on harp or viol;
My whole, when in its proper place,
Within my first you'll view:
Tis strange, but when you've solved
the case
You'll smile to find it true.

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

DR. MERRYMAN

It Might Have Been Worse

HE was always losing his collar stud. Generally it meant for his wife a search on her hands and knees under the dressing-table and the bed. One day he gasped. "I've swallowed my collar stud!"

"Well," said she unfeelingly, "you know where it is anyway!"

A Dangerous Charm



"THIS lovely horseshoe ought to bring Protection from the thunder," said Snip to Snap, who answered him "I think you've made a blunder. To be quite candid, dear old chap, I fear your wits need brightening. For iron may, as science shows, Serve to attract the lightning!"

The Word She Wanted

A BOTANIST had just discovered a new plant and asked his wife what he should call it. The lady was deep in a cross word puzzle. "Call it Sprzophanx," said she.

"Why on Earth should I do that?" he asked in amazement.

"Because that is the word I want to finish this puzzle," she replied.

Why is it dangerous to sleep in a train?

Because the train runs over sleepers.

Billy's Germ

THE Safety First Association has printed this verse as a poster to point out the wisdom of putting iodine on cuts and scratches.

Billy had a little germ,
Its look was hardly pleasant,
And everywhere that Billy went
That germ was surely present.

It got into a scratch one day
And tried to turn it septic,
But Billy got some iodine,
And now that germ's dyspeptic.

A Serious Offence

THE judge was about to pass sentence for a slight offence when he suddenly looked hard at the prisoner.

"Haven't I seen you before?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied the prisoner eagerly. "I taught your daughter singing."

The judge grew stern. "Penal servitude for life," he pronounced in measured tones.

WHAT are the best words to teach a parrot? Polysyllables.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle. The symbol for sodium (No. 7 Down) is Na., an abbreviation for Natrium.

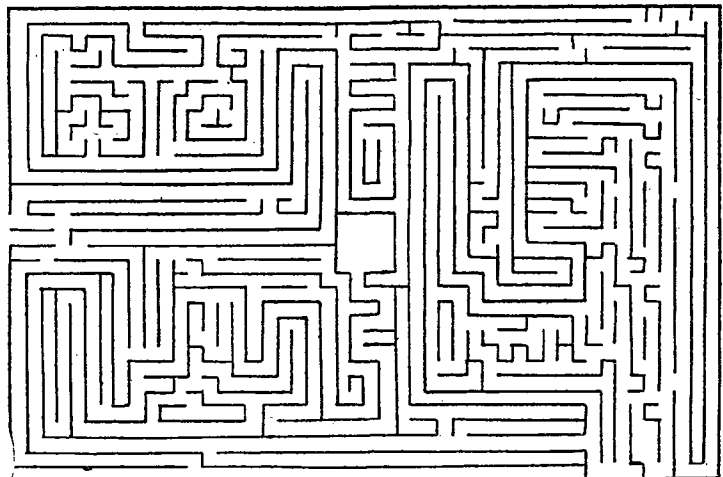
SHORTHAND	SHINE AWARE
ERELATE AT	PET IN CAPE
AWAIT HOVER	RGBCS REFIN
AGILET HENNA	TOE IDE SOL
ET PISOAIS BL	SHEER REPLY
SAGITTATE	

Word-Changing
Gander, dander, garden.
Hidden Trees
Ash, palm, cedar, fir, bay, thorn, olive, pine.

A Picture Puzzle

Rugby, hatch, curlew, master, baton, catch.

What Am I? Snow



Take a pencil and trace your way through this maze to the centre, starting at the space in the middle of the left-hand side.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

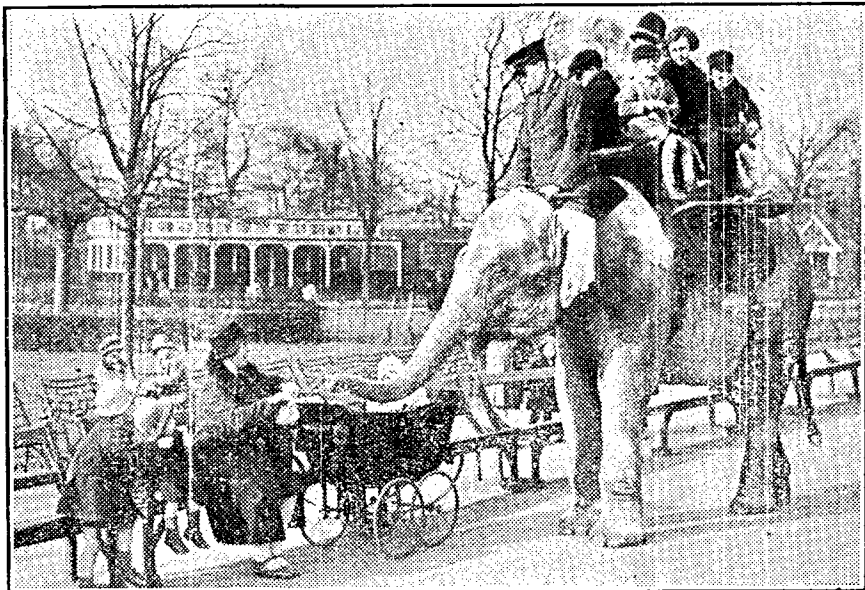
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 16, 1927

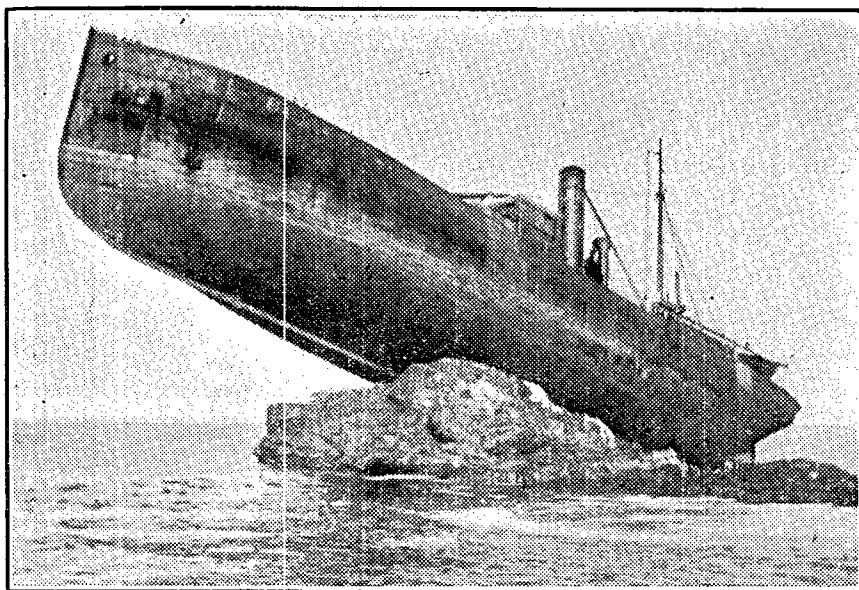
Every Thursday, 2d.

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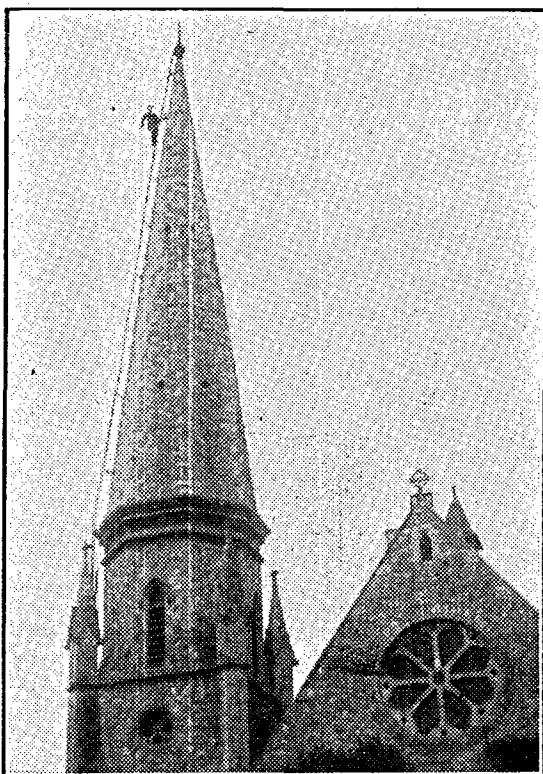
ELEPHANT BUSY AT THE ZOO · AEROPLANE IN THE STREET · 4 CWT. BABY



The Elephant's Busy Season Begins—During the Easter holidays many children will be visiting the Zoo and enjoying rides on the elephant which is here seen begging for a bun



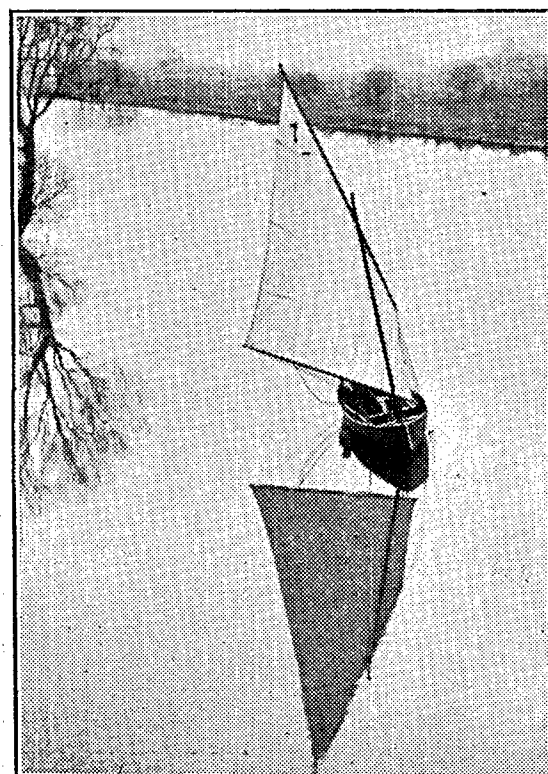
A Steamer on the Rocks—This remarkable picture of a wreck shows a drifter which ran on the rocks off Eyemouth, Berwickshire, and was stranded by the falling tide



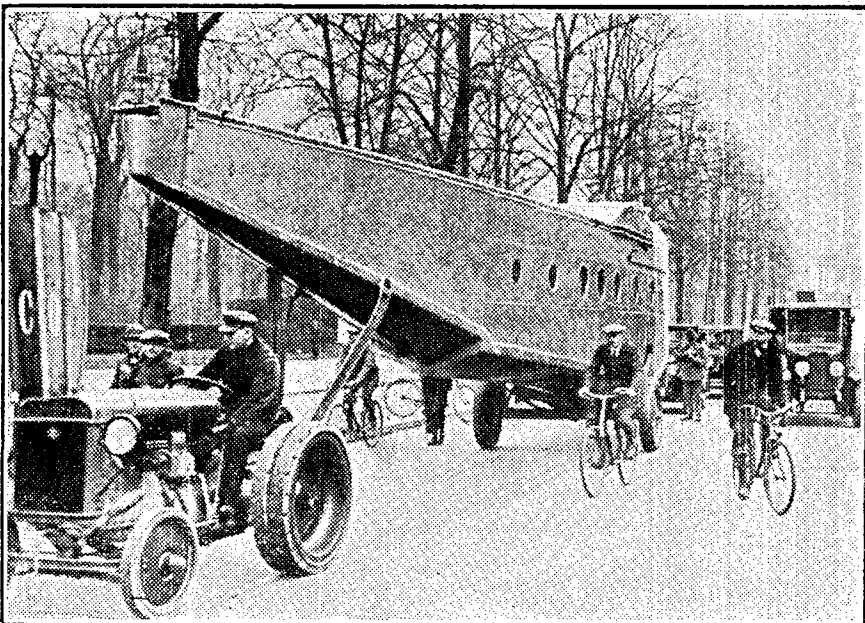
At Work on a Steeple—The steeple of the Wesleyan Church at Chislehurst is cracked, and here we see how Mr. Larkin, the steeplejack, examined it to find out if it were dangerous



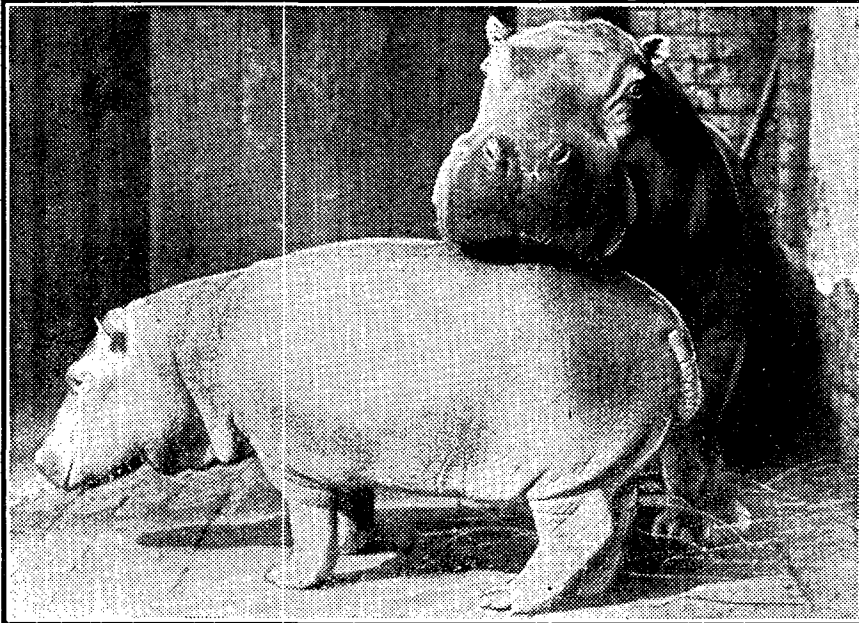
London's New Swimming-Pool—At Ken Wood, Hampstead, a new swimming-pool has been opened, and this picture shows how a girl took her first plunge by jumping over three friends



A Bad Day for Sailing—On a breezy day there is no sport more exciting than sailing on a river, but this member of Oxford University Sailing Club is completely becalmed



Giant Aeroplane in a Berlin Street—Here we see a new flying-boat being taken to a Berlin station for transport to Copenhagen, where it will be assembled and flown to England



A Four-Hundredweight Baby—Jimmie, the Zoo's baby hippopotamus, now weighs 4 cwt., and this picture was taken recently when he made his first appearance outside his den

THE LAND OF GREAT POSSESSIONS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MAY

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